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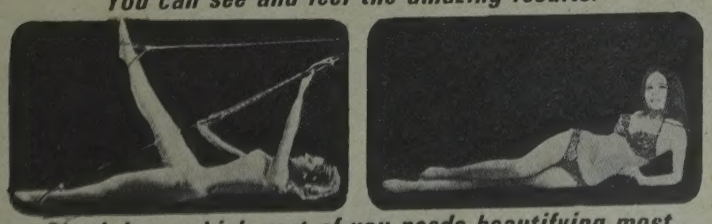

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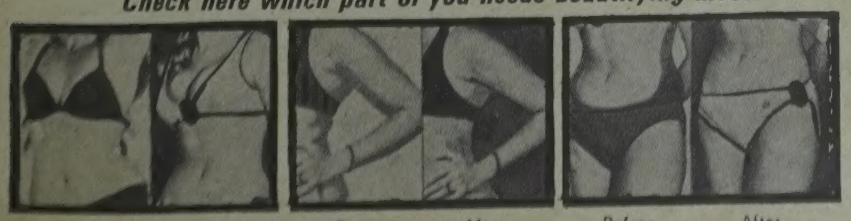

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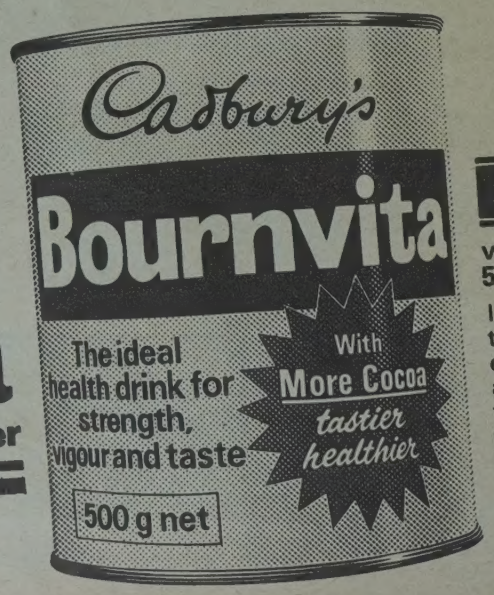

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SHEILA MORDECAI

Sheila is just back from an exciting holiday after touring all over Europe for four months. She enjoyed every minute of her stay and got a good opportunity to know and meet people from different walks of life.

Sheila finished her I.S.C. from Green Lawns High School three years ago, and is more keen to take up dress designing than go in for further studies. She plans and designs dresses for herself and friends. "Sketching out is more interesting than stitching," she says. Her hobbies and interests include reading, writing, music, horse-riding and, of course, modelling.

Her ambition? Success in whatever she does. For marriage there's plenty of time. "Every woman has to get married, but in good time!"

Photograph : Rakesh Shrestha

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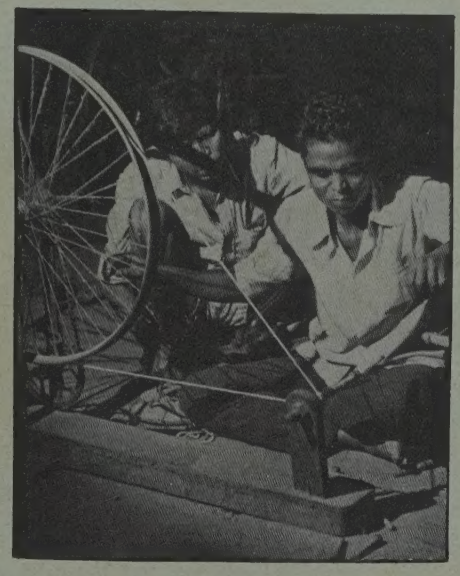
this week

SCHOOLS IN DISTRESS

The problems of city schools and of urban teachers and students seem bad enough, but they pale in the face of the odds the school authorities, teachers and students in the rural areas have to contend with. Visits to some schools reveal the many handicaps they work with.

Page 8.



GANDHINAGAR : A Self-built Refuge

Leprosy need no longer be the dreaded disease that forced affected persons in the olden days into a life of utter isolation and misery. However, many people even today remain ignorant about the facts of the disease and continue to isolate leprosy-affected persons by refusing to allow them to participate in the mainstream of life.
Gandhinagar is a township built up by these needlessly rejected persons.

Page 11.

SUHASINI MULAY : Actress And Film-maker

The woman who created a sensation as the heroine of "Bhuvan Shome" and then vanished from the public eye is now back, making films and also acting once again, at present in Kantilal Rathod's "Ramnagari." A profile.

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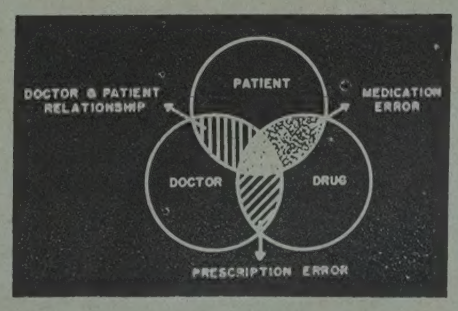


THE USES AND MISUSES OF DRUGS

A doctor's warning about how even very useful drugs can be and often are misused by unscrupulous or ignorant people and thus become dangerous.

Page 47.

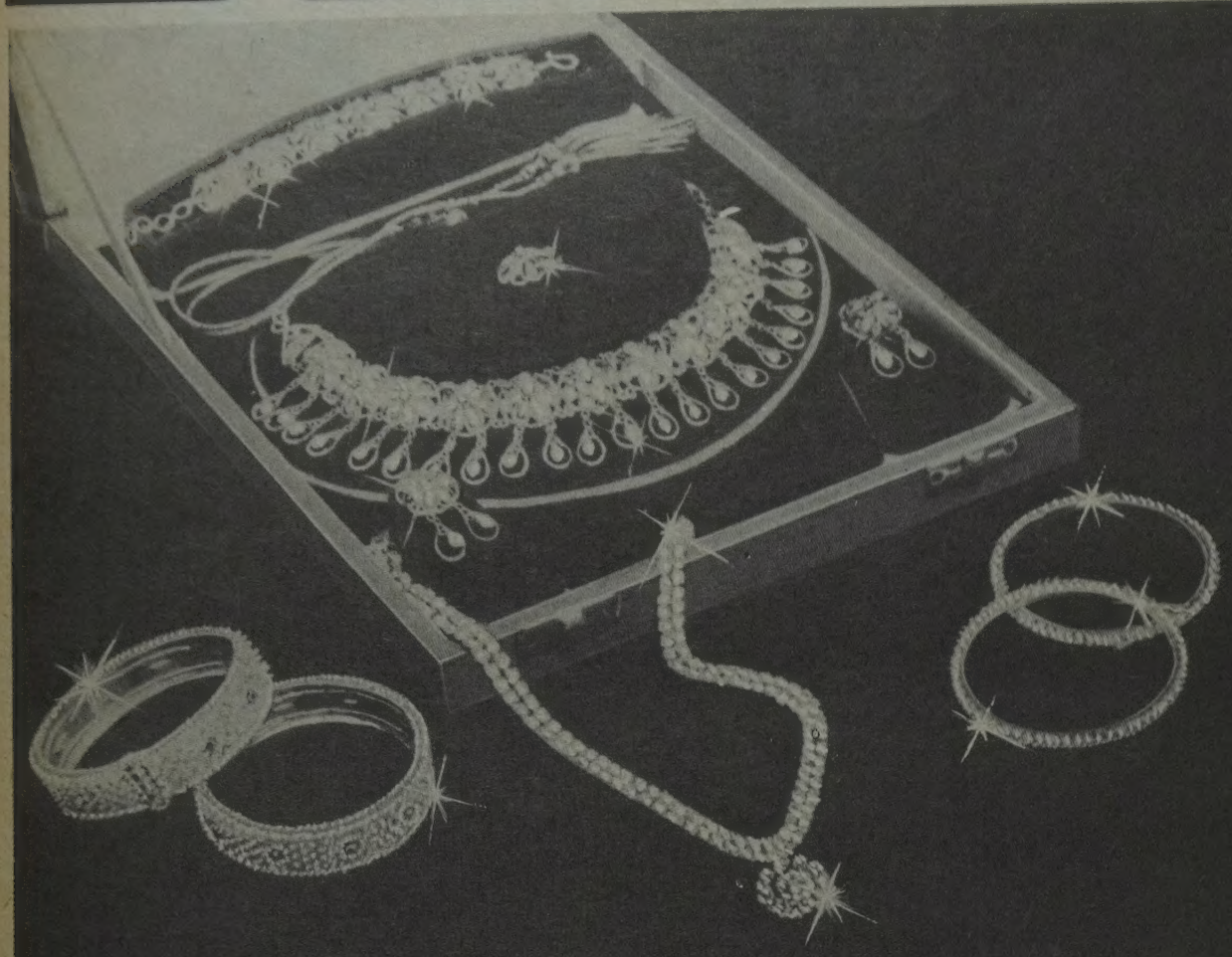
ALSO

Eve Today : Shanti Naik and Pramila Tople, new ministers in Maharashtra — **Page 27** Passing Through : Dr. Ann Wigmore — **Page 37** Film Star : Mithun Chakraborty, the poor man's Bacchhan? — **Page 43** "To Begin Again," Part VI — **Page 15.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Quiz 10/**13**, Comics/**21**, Fashion/**24**, Cookery/**32**, Children's Page/**38**, Frankly Speaking/**49**, Madam I'm Adam/**49**, People & Events/**52**, World of Eve/**53**, Horoscope/**54**.

SUNTREK



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your page

Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st prize

THE 'LIFT' THAT KILLED

The gruesome murder of the innocent Chopra children is an eye-opener to all, parents as well an children. It is a pity that these children practically nailed their own coffins by thumbing a lift from seasoned criminals. Just as there can be 50% chances of the occupants of the car being good, decent folks, there are the other 50% chances of playing into foul hands. It was only by chance that they got into the criminals' car. However much we may wish otherwise, the damage is done. Parents like us who are extra-cautious and forbid our children from taking lifts from strangers are dubbed as 'old-fashioned' and 'over-protective.' I wish to appeal to all youngsters through your columns to remember that there is nothing old-fashioned in protecting yourself. Please, children, refrain from thumbing lifts from strangers.

Mrs. Sushila Mani, Kanpur

We can't endorse this enough. Parents do tell their children never to take lifts, but they have so far been lax in the saying. Now, suddenly, the scare is on and they are drumming it in, until it is coming out of the children's ears. The children themselves are pretty shaken; they will not thumb rides any more, at least not after dusk, not indiscriminately. But for how long. When, as it must, the dust settles on the Billa affair and memory of August 26, 1978 recedes, we fear all will be back to normal (?) again.

2nd prize

COUNT ME OUT

I was shocked to hear of the death of my friend's husband under what I call tragic circumstances. Tragic because it shows how our senses have become numbed with increased civilisation — we have become heartless.

This gentleman, somewhere in his forties, was coming home from work in one of the local trains when he had a sudden heart attack and expired. None of his co-passengers lifted a finger. The body was left in the train, which soon went to the yard. Late in the night, the Railway police on one their nocturnal rounds, found the body and took him to hospital. Imagine the plight of the wife who stayed up all night for her husband to come home. Then the harsh reality that her beloved husband was no more. Imagine the thought that he had died among unknown, perhaps hostile, faces. No one there to lay a cool hand on his burning brow, to hold his hand when he was in great pain.

And what did the co-passengers do? Nothing. We, Indians, as a rule are disinclined to involve ourselves in any sort of complications — police cases, etc. But this was not a case of murder or robbery ... there were a number of witnesses to the fact and yet not a soul had even a little of the milk of human kindness to inform the Railway Authorities or find out his address and tell his wife.

Where has our sense of fellow feeling gone? I have seen letters lauding the action of a Policeman who helps a blind man across the road. Pity we have reached such a state that what is only our duty is considered so big a favour that honours are conferred on it.

Mrs. Lalita Ramdas, Bombay

Suddenly, we find ourselves inundated with letters about the apathy of our citigens — and these letters started coming in even before the gruesome Delhi murder. What's happening? People, of course, are scared for their own safety and wary of getting involved and consequently harassed. But, can life be run on such defeatist attitudes? It's time we all woke up to our responsibilities — to our consciences.

3rd prize

THE AFTERMATH

It was with great shock and sorrow that we read about the murder of the Chopra children. It was also heartbreaking to learn that this incident caused the death of Mr. Chopra's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Chopra have our heart felt sympathies. The murderers, deserve the worst kind of punishment. Such cruel killers won't hesitate to skin their own parents alive. Don't they have a soft corner in their hearts at least for kids? And now, regarding the effects of the murder. It has created great havoc all over the country. All the prank-playing young men imagine themselves to be Billa and scare school-going kids. They threaten the little girls that their fate will be no better than Geeta's if they don't obey their orders. With things like this going on in the city, it has become rather difficult to go out alone even to nearby shops. My sister who is a very bold and daring girl hesitates to go to school these days. Every morning she reads the newspaper and says she gets scared to go to school alone, although it's so close. We hope that the police will take the necessary measures to improve the situation all over the country and make it easy for us to attend schools and colleges. Sure, we've all got to die someday, but this is not the age to die — and least of all by murder!

Raksha N., Ahmedabad

It is terrible for little children to be perpetually scared. The police are more alert, more attentive now. You must report these teasing incidents immediately and get the young pranksters arrested or at least shaken up.

"THEY SAY"

It is high time that we broke down the dividing walls among us. We often act upon what "they say". They say "Poor girl, she cannot get married, she is too dark, a big dowry may be able to do the job, but her family is not that rich". Within her own caste there is nobody, but if a man from another caste turns up, he is turned down because the family is very much concerned about what "they say". Who are these "they"? "They" are the people with whom we don't agree, but whose views are our laws, whose opinions are our guides, whose prejudices and ignorance determine our behaviour because we don't what to get involved, we don't want to get into trouble. We are so afraid of "they", of what "they say". Our excuse is "they say"; our escape is "they say".

We, the present generation, must have the courage to question what "they say". We must examine critically what "they say" and try to promote truth and justice irrespective of what "they say".

Geeta Kurup, Cochin

It's a big racket, this business of "they say". Like the Emperor's clothes, "they" don't exist, but are conveniently summoned by certain elements in society for the propagation of their own ulterior, selfish and nefarious motives. A more likely and spirited answer would be: Let them say!

THE RAINING BEAUTY!

Apropos Neelam's letter in your magazine (Sept. 2) I recall a cartoon strip published a few years ago. There was, in the first column, a Beauty Contest going on, then in the next, rain comes down suddenly and, finally, the result of the Contest is announced. Incidentally, the lady who found shelter in the rain with one of the Judges, gets first prize.

Amitava Banerjea, Lucknow

Delightful! But really straight out of a comic strip, you will admit...

READER'S VOICE

ASTROLOGY : SCIENCE OR FAKE

With reference to the article, "Astrology: Science or Fake" (Sept. 23), you and the author, Shivanand Karkal, deserve encomiums, irrespective of the merits/demerits of the article, because a picture of diverse views has been faithfully presented. In my careful observations I have noticed that, more often than not, only one-sided views are presented on controversial subjects like this one.

In the above article differences in views have been faithfully presented, leaving the readers to judge for themselves. I feel that it will be of real advantage for the readers' judgement, if they can refer to the following three more articles at least: i) 'Can the stars affect our lives?' by Bruce Sandham, published in the Sunday 'Hindu' dated 20-7-1969; (ii) 'Astrology and Interplanetary Travel' by the undersigned, published in the April 1970 issue of the 'Astrological Magazine'; (iii) 'Is Astrology a hoax?' — an article reproduced in the October 1974 issue of the 'Astrological Magazine.'

To say that one does not believe in astrology is something relating to his/her personal affair. But to say that astrology is nonsense without knowing what it is, is real nonsense. (T. P. Narayanan, Bombay)

Playtime is fun. It's a relief from the drabness of the classroom and the dreariness of rote-learning.

RURAL SCHOOLS: beyond hope?

Raghu Shergil

The usual pastime with policy planners in India is the flaunting of all kinds of statistics. Much more so, the educational planners. If we are to believe official figures, over 96 per cent of children in the age group 6-11 are in school. Only 42.6 per cent were in school in 1951. Expenditure-wise, the increase has been even more impressive: from Rs. 1,144 million in 1950-51 to Rs. 12,500 million in 1973-74.

But figures hide more than they reveal. Behind the make-believe facade of figures is the sordid tale of gross neglect in some areas, and wanton abundance in some others. The situation in village schools, particularly primary schools, is singularly pathetic. Many of them are no more than mere statistics, flattering the ego of the planners.

In Haryana, for instance, single-teacher schools with no more than one leaky-roofed room to house five classes co-exist with multi-crore extravaganzas like the Motilal Nehru School of Sports, Rai (dist. Sonepat). The annual recurring grant of this school is Rs. 50 lakhs with capacity to take in 400 students. A Rs. 5-crore project, the Rai school has a sprawling 400-acre (!) campus with a full-fledged 25-bed hospital and a dietician to look after the dietary intake of the students. The state finances each student to the extent of 50 per cent (approx. Rs. 2,000 per year) for food, lodging and other expenses. "We are better than the best public schools in the country," the Principal told me in an informal talk.

NO BLACKBOARD OR CHALK

The other extreme is represented by village schools, where elementary facilities like chalk and blackboard may not be there. None of the primary schools I visited in Haryana, Punjab and Delhi villages had even mats for students to sit on. In Delhi, where the municipal corporation looks after primary education, there is a marked difference in facilities available to schools inside the city and in the villages. This difference gets more pronounced when one compares the condition in the Delhi Administration-run schools with Corporation schools.

Talks with teachers revealed interesting sidelights. Nangal Chaudhry is a village some 21 km from Narnaul, the district headquarters of Mahindergarh in Haryana. It has all the trappings of a mofussil town: a pucca road leading to Kotputli (an important halt on the way to Jaipur), a primary health centre, an electric substation, the block office, a bank. Besides the higher secondary school, it has a girl's middle school and a primary school. In middle school girls sit on tattered mats. When I visited the school, classes had just been let off for the day. But I had the opportunity of talking to the teachers.

One of the teachers (who desires to be anonymous) invited me to her home where she could speak freely.

She has a rented room in an old dilapidated building near the school. Inside her room: a charpoy with a make-shift bed, an open almirah with no shelves. In one corner she does her cooking. Some clothes hang from pegs. As she lights the stove, kerosene fumes fill the air. She lives here with her year-old child who, during the day, is left with neighbours. As she prepares to make tea, a small girl walks in with the baby. The baby looks neglected and hungry. A hug from her mother cheers it, but it starts crying. Perhaps it needs a feed.

"With a baby at home needing feed and care, with no one to look after it, how can you concentrate on your work," I asked. "Well, I have to," was her evasive reply. But on further probing, she confessed her disinterest in her work. Her constant worry is to get near her home in Gurgaon district — some

140 km from her place of posting — to be able to live with her husband and his family so that the child could get proper care while she is at work.

Why doesn't she seek a transfer? "It is not that I have not asked for it. I have been trying for the last four years. Applications do not mean anything in this department: they seldom reach Chandigarh. Somewhere on the way they get tied down in red tape. So, for everything you have to visit Chandigarh. And a visit there costs not less than Rs. 150. My husband has already made three visits, with nothing tangible coming out of it."

NO FUNDS FOR BOOKS

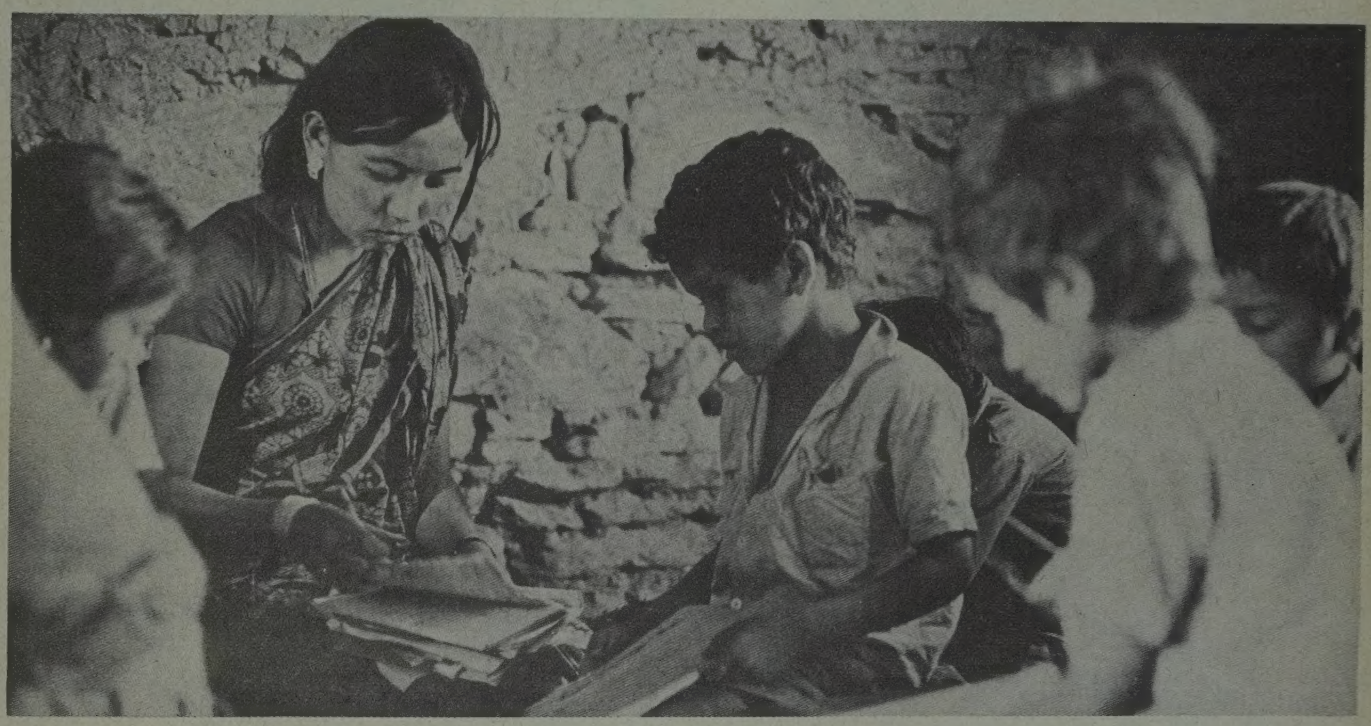
What other problems does she have? "Not many, if I get this transfer to a place near my home town." Perhaps, no other problem is as important for her as the distance from her home and her neglected child.

Mr. Hanuman, Headmaster of the Government Middle School, Shahbazpur, talked of the relative neglect of the village schools. He would have the village school as the focal point of educational planning. He would have the research findings of the premier institutions of the country, like the NCERT, to percolate down to the grassroots. But he regrets that the present organisational structure in the state educational set-up is not conducive to the growth of professional teachers. Even the much publicised schemes like book banks have not benefited the rural schools. A library — they call it book bank — has some 150 books stacked in a wooden almirah. His school subscribes to a Hindi daily. "But for the lack of funds, we should like to subscribe to a few magazines and professional journals," he said. "One feature of most of the schools in Haryana is that philanthropists have donated some non-utilitarian buildings. The government finds free buildings inducement enough to open schools and appoint staff, but it scarcely bothers to provide other facilities like books or funds for extra-curricular activities. Are these facilities only for the schools in cities?" he says.

He complains that too often instructions from the state headquarters are confusing. They indiscriminately and uncritically accept the recommendations of the so-called institutions of higher learning and research. Take, for instance, the present

Dilapidated school buildings, not even mats for the students to sit on, and dissatisfied, apathetic teachers...

syllabus for the middle or primary classes. How relevant is it to rural India? Higher math, science and social studies as taught in village schools are irrelevant and incomprehensible to the average student. As it is, the whole set-up seems to uproot the village student from his moorings. Consider the city orientation and the underlying assumptions of the lessons in the English textbooks. The students can only resort to rote learning. "In my school (some



What does it all mean? A teacher, however qualified she may be, fights a losing battle in making the village children understand an urban-oriented syllabus. Many of these children have never even been out of their villages.

five km from block headquarters; it has a pucca road, but no transport facility. The nearest point where one can get a bus is three km away), there are many students who have never been out of the village, have never even seen a train. The teachers are certainly hard put to make them understand the lessons which portray life as it is lived in big cities."

LOW WAGES

But then will not the change he suggests isolate the village student from the rest of the country? Already there are complaints of the advantages city-bred and educated young men and women have in securing positions in competitive examinations for jobs, etc.

"Yes. But the solution does not lie in changing the syllabus, or in giving it a city orientation. It lies in creating here the facilities cities have, rather than transplanting, through textbooks, city values and life-styles."

Teachers too share the blame with the government for the present state of education in our villages. They have very little awareness of their role. Most of them are not interested in keeping abreast with the developments in their profession, or even with their surroundings.

On any day, a visit to a village school would reveal that a number of teachers are absent. In a single-teacher school I visited in Mahindergarh district of Haryana, the teacher had not been on duty for more than four days. The students came, waited for the teacher, and went away.

We met the teacher on our way back to the block headquarters (where I stayed for the night). "This is the only advantage I have of being in this school," he said sheepishly. "No one will dare cycle his way down ten km. to the village to inspect the school."

About the difficulties, he mentioned the non-involvement of the villagers in the education of their wards, the general apathy of the officials to the lot of teachers, particularly primary teachers, the late disbursement of pay, low wages, and the futility of single-teacher schools. "How can you expect a single teacher to attend to all the classes at the same time and yet do justice to his work?" he asked.

In another school, classes were being held in the compound. The teacher — a B.A., B. Ed. seemed to have little use for the teaching techniques he was taught in his B.Ed.

Why don't you use the techniques you were taught in your B.Ed? "These urchins, they are not interested in learning. And then where are the conditions for proper teaching? We teachers work for the 'pleasure' of the headmaster; he interferes in everything. It is more important to keep him happy than to teach. But our results have always been good," he explained.

An ANM related an interesting anecdote which illustrates the state of education in the villages. She had to go to inoculate the children in the school. She called on the only teacher; he came out to meet her, clad only in his underclothes!

The story of education in our villages is a story of neglect — neglect by planners, by educationists, by bureaucrats. It is like the poor, resigned villager who merely exists, without dreams, without hopes, a statistic in some planning pamphlet.

Is village education then beyond all hope? Are our villagers likely to remain unsophisticated 'dehatis'? On current evidence, there is little to give encouragement. The task is gigantic; the work put in so far too little.

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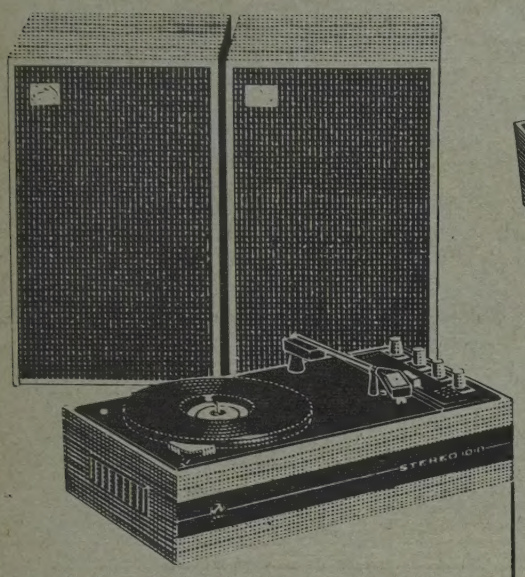

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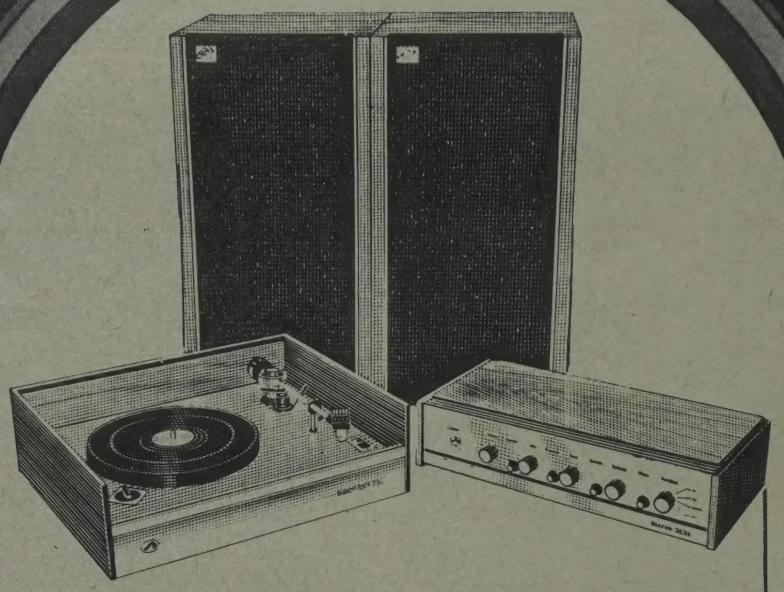

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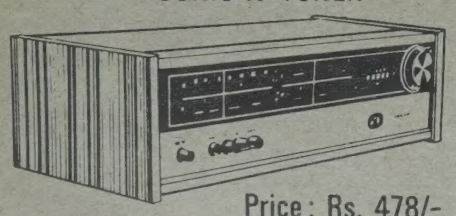

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a visit to GANDHINAGAR

Shunned by society, a group of former leprosy patients took fate in their own hands and set up a flourishing, self-sufficient village

Shivanand Karkal

An old weaver at his machine. The heavily-bandaged foot does not seem to be a handicap.

RIGHT: A curious combination of technology and handicraft: a cycle wheel becomes a part of the charkha.

It was a hot, dry afternoon and we were some 50 km. from the heart of Bombay, tramping through the withered fields stretching between Mulund and Thane stations on the Central Railway — in search of an annoyingly elusive story.

Many of the people we met and asked directions from were plainly evasive, others just muttered under their breaths and scurried away. Finally, after chasing a number of false leads, we came upon yet another collection of ramshackle tin shanties and tiled cottages. A transistor radio blared somewhere in the distance. The dull clang of metal on metal somehow only seemed to accentuate the silence. A group of men were sitting in the shade of a huge tree, playing cards. It was not until we saw that many of them balanced their cards in hands mutilated by disease that we realised it: we had reached our destination.

A man in his late thirties ("Talk to Mohanshet", we had been told by some of the villagers) came forward and greeted us. He took us to their 'main office' — a tin-walled shed inside which there were three wooden tables, a telephone, a typewriter and a few straight-backed chairs.

Mohan began, "Some years ago, I came from Indore for treatment at Bombay's Acworth Leprosy Hospital. After I was cured, I tried to get jobs in the city but I couldn't get any. There were many others like me who could work but could not find any job because we weren't educated enough and because we were once leprosy patients. So I thought we should all come together and form a committee. We called it the Gandhi Kushta Punarni Varan Seva Society. We decided to settle down in this village (Gandhinagar) and work for the betterment of people like ourselves — those either suffering from the disease or those who had it before. There are now about 800 people in our village, of which 550 were once leprosy patients."

How do the villagers manage to support themselves, we asked him. "Many of us are involved in the **dhandha**," he said frankly. (It took us some time to realise he meant bootlegging!) "But we're trying to discourage these people. Our committee has organised a number of activities like handloom weaving and saree printing. . ." He took us to a large shed inside. An old spectacled man with his feet swathed in bandages crouched behind one of the spinning machines, his feet moving rhythmically with the clickety-clack of the machine.

In another corner of the room, another worker manned a hand-operated spinning wheel and was drawing out thread from it. "We try to be independent," Mohan explained. "Unfortunately, the mills don't like to buy a lot of cloth from us — even though we assure them that at no stage is the cloth handled by infectious patients. The whole process is managed by completely cured patients."

Mohan then showed us the saree-printing factory, where a number of people were working, sprinkling zari, stamping designs on cloth.

At both the factories, we had seen many young children working. We asked Mohan about them. "Oh yes, our children are a great help to us. They receive preventive treatment right from birth so that they will not get the disease, even if one of their family members suffers from it. The children go to a nearby municipal school, and in their free time work in the spinning-weaving and cloth-printing factories. Besides, our committee has also arranged 'sewing classes' for the girls in the evenings. This has become possible because a voluntary agency was kind enough to donate a few machines. Some villagers brought in petromax lamps to light the interior of the office."

"No electricity?" we asked. "No," he sighed, "we've been trying for many years now, but all our efforts have failed. It would help us a lot because we often work late in the evenings. The sewing classes also cannot be held earlier in the day. We've been pleading with the municipal authorities since a long time for electric supply.

"And then of course, there are the neta log (he dismissed the breed of politicians with a philosophical gesture). They visit us before an election, we show them how we're trying to stand on our own feet, asking only for things like electricity and drinking water. They look at all our activities, say 'good, good' and promise to help — after the elections. The help never comes."

The saree-printing factory. The workers are all cured leprosy patients.

"But," Mohan added, "some voluntary agencies are helping us. Doctors and specialists from nearby hospitals pay us regular visits to check on patients receiving treatment. Mrs. Leela Moolgaokar has also done a lot for us."

"Everybody in the village works at something or the other. Even those who are very old or severely disabled help in small odd-jobs like milking cows or disposing of rubbish. We collect our total earnings at the end of the month and see that everybody gets a fair share. We've divided the work so that we now have different occupations — carpentry, repairing the simple machinery we have, far-

Don Quixote? Certainly.

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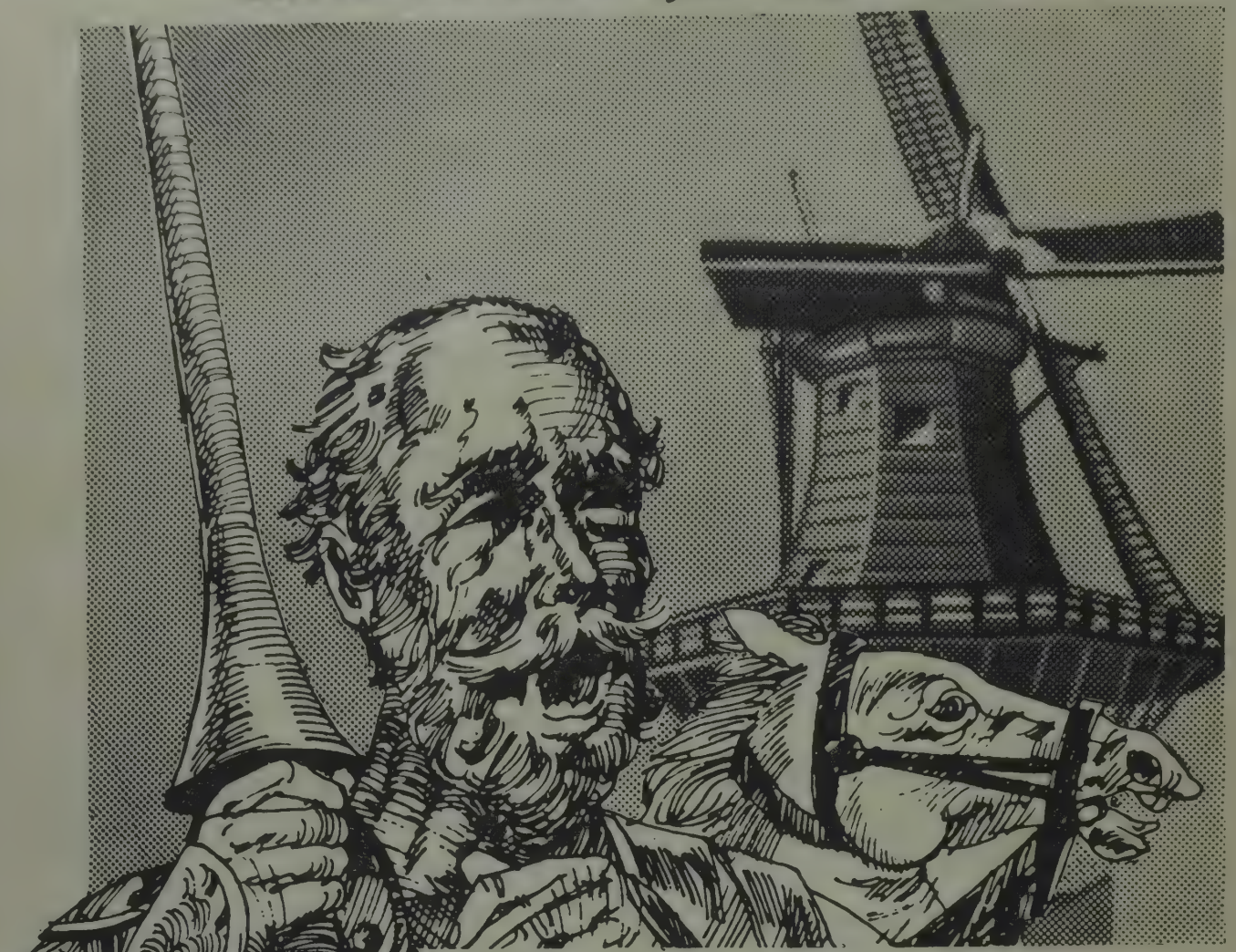

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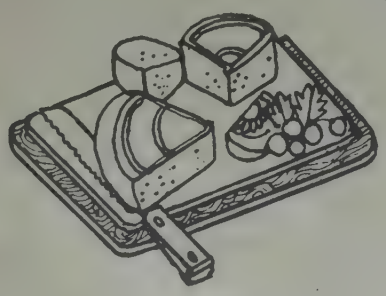

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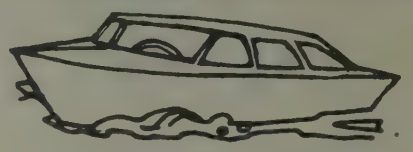

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A VISIT TO GANDHINAGAR

ming, etc. We have even dug up three wells by ourselves. We also have our own grocery shops and our own restaurants to manage." On our tour of the village, we had seen a temple, a mosque and a church, all built by the residents.

Finally, it was time to go. We were escorted along the railway tracks to Mulund station by Shanmugan, a young man in his early twenties. He told us of his unsuccessful attempt to find work in the city. "Once I was called at a mill for a job, but after they saw my address — Gandhinagar — they refused me the job. The same thing happened when I tried with the municipality. . . They think I am a leper, but I have never suffered from the disease."

Why didn't he leave Gandhinagar and go to the city like so many other young men we asked him. "Yes, I would like to do that and make some money in the city. But I don't want to leave the village. . . . my parents are disabled and old and I am their only son..."

Gandhinagar — a cluster of huts: stink and squalor, chickens rooting in the muck, no electricity, no decent drinking water. . . just another 'dung-heap' like India's 600,000 odd dung-heaps. . . Until you look a bit closer: the hands that haul water from the wells have been ravaged by disease, and so too those that work patiently with hammer and saw. . . the feet that thump rhythmically to keep the spinning looms going are covered with white dressings... but they are no less determined to shape their own destiny. . .

LEPROSY: *the disease, the drugs — and a vaccine*

'Leprosy' is derived from 'lepos' (a Greek word which means 'scale' and is caused by micro-organisms called Mycobacteria leprae, or M. leprae. Clinically, the disease is characterised by hypopigmented skin patches (the light-coloured 'scales'), partial or total loss of sensation over these patches (anaesthesia) and thickened nerves affected by the bacteria.

Leprosy is not a hereditary disease, as many seem to think. In fact, most people have a natural resistance to it. Only those with a low resistance can get the disease — and that too after prolonged and intimate contact with an infectious patient.

Like other communicable diseases, leprosy owes its spread mainly to a host of socio-economic factors such as poverty, over-crowding, inadequate sanitary measures, ignorance (or neglect) of basic health concepts, etc. Also, the social stigma attached to the disease has proved to be one of the biggest stumbling blocks in the path of the preventive campaign against leprosy.

Leprosy has been with mankind from the beginning of history. It has been mentioned in many of the world's holy books, including the Upanishads and the Bible. The Sushruta Samhita, dating back to 600 B.C., describes it as a skin disease, 'Aruna kushta', and also provides glimpses of what is probably the earliest known therapy for leprosy. The disease has also been called 'kushta roga' or 'maha roga' and among the many superstitions associated with it is the belief that it is retribution by the gods for sins committed during previous births.

The shattering of many of these myths began in 1873, when a Norwegian scientist named Hansen discovered the causative germs. However, till the advent of a group of drugs called 'sulphones' in the early 1940s, there was no really effective cure for Hansen's disease. Then, in 1943, an American scientist, Dr. Faget, used a sulphone called Promin to treat leprosy patients. From the injectible Promin to the evolution of an orally effective drug. Dapsone (a trade name for the tongue-twisting diamino-diphenyl-sulphone, D DS) was but a step. In the late 1940s, Dr. Cochrane first introduced Dapsone tablets in India.

Dapsone has remained the drug of choice in the treatment of leprosy in the subsequent three decades. However, attempts are now being made to discover newer and more effective drugs that could be used either as an alternative or in combination with Dapsone. Reports of certain Dapsone-resistant leprosy germs have served to accelerate the pace of such experiments. Two new drugs called Clofazimine and Rifamycin have been discovered. These are more effective than Dapsone but their cost puts them out of the reckoning for use on a mass scale. (Thus, whereas Dapsone treatment costs just Rs. four a year, a capsule of Clofazimine alone costs Re. one and that of Rifamycin Rs. four.)

A significant achievement by Bombay's Haffkine Institute, which has done invaluable pioneering work on a number of epidemiological problems before, was the discovery of a new drug called Acedapsone (diacetyldiaminodiphenyl sulphone, DADDS). This drug is effective in smaller doses than Dapsone. Also, just four to five injections per year are sufficient to ensure a cure. It can therefore be used on patients who cannot be relied upon to take Dapsone tablets regularly, as well as a 'prophylactic' (preventive) measure in susceptible individuals like children, who are exposed to the disease at home.

Besides research devoted to the formulation of new drugs, attempts are also being made to manufacture a leprosy vaccine. For some time, it was thought that the BCG vaccine (for tuberculosis) could be used as a leprosy vaccine, because leprosy and tuberculosis bacteria have some common characteristics. These hopes were boosted by studies in Uganda, which proved that the BCG vaccine provided immunity against leprosy in 80 per cent of the cases. However, similar studies in Burma gave figures of only 20 per cent success. Finally, leprologists discarded the BCG vaccine for this purpose. Scientists then switched over to experiments on extracting the crucial leprosy antigens — the key to a leprosy vaccine.

Twenty research institutions in 16 countries all over the world are currently working on this problem. The World Health Organisation is closely connected with these experiments and it claimed, some months ago, that a few leprosy antigens had already been identified and isolated. In India, the Jawaharlal Institute of Post-graduate Medical Education and Research (JIPMER) at Pondicherry, aided by the WHO South-east Asia wing, has successfully inoculated many experimental animals such as the ant-eater (Indian pangollin), slender loris (a small monkey-like animal) and lizards, with M. leprae.

A leprosy-vaccine would be a tremendous asset to the preventive campaign against the disease, particularly in countries like India. Unfortunately, in spite of the hopes generated by such research, a safe and effective vaccine still appears to be a long way off.

S. K.

Eve's Weekly — Quiz Contest — 10

HEGMAN

1. Name the Bishop of Rome.
2. Which country is the largest exporter of petroleum?
3. Men use three different weapons in fencing — the epee, foil and sabre. What is the only weapon used officially by women in fencing?
4. Name the great African leader who led the Mau-Mau rebellion against the British.
5. Icons are pictures, usually painted on panels, rather than on walls. In what way are they limited in subject matter?
6. Recently, one of the most famous trains in India completed 50 years of its running. Name the train, and also the two stations between which it runs.
7. Who built the Grand Trunk Road?
8. Which 18th century French political thinker wrote, "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains"?
9. Who is the fictional character on stage and screen called "The Man of La Mancha"?
10. Which two Far Eastern countries recently signed a peace treaty, thus bringing a glimmer of hope for the peace loving peoples of the world?
11. Which chemical compound has the formula C6 H6?
12. In which Australian city will the 1982 Commonwealth Games be held?

This is the tenth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner — i.e. the person whose all-correct solution is picked up first from among those received on or before the deadline. This is to give an equal chance to contestants from outside Bombay. The deadline for Quiz Contest No. 10 is October 21, 1978.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 10' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 9 will appear in our issue of November 4. The answers to Quiz 10 will appear in our issue of November 18.

The Fashion's Latest Swing

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SWINGS

THE STORY SO FAR. . .

Young Andrea MacKinlay's troubles began one night when her employer's son, Ronald Martin, tried to molest her. When surprised by his mother, he claimed it was Andrea who had taken the initiative. Angry and disgusted, she threw up her post and found herself on the streets in a raging blizzard. She was almost run over by playwright Stuart Trent, who took her home in his jeep and offered her a job as his typist.

Andrea discovered he had two children — twins — Bruce and Heather, in boarding school, and had lost his wife Barbara four years ago. He in turn learnt of the accident that had damaged her leg and kept Andrea from winning the skating championship two years ago, and of her aunt Cynthia to whom Andrea owed money for training expenses. Stuart was a man of moods, sometimes tender, often withdrawn. Andrea was drawn to him and came to love the children.

Andrea resented the fact that Stuart was so absorbed by his work that he paid the children scant attention. One night, some weeks later, Bruce and Heather were missing. A storm raged, and Andrea and Stuart searched desperately for them and finally found them in the bunk house. The shared relief made Stuart confess that Barbara and he had never got on. She was a flighty woman, and had left him soon after the twins were born, only to meet her death in a car accident two weeks later. Stuart asked Andrea to marry him and she agreed.

Their marriage was dogged by disaster. When Stuart and Andrea went to New York for his play opening, they met Ronald Martin and Cecile, his sister. Cecile had hoped to marry Stuart herself and was wildly jealous of Andrea. She poisoned Stuart's mind about his wife and Ronald and the seduction affair. The newly weds had a showdown in their hotel room and Stuart sent Andrea home to White Birches. Though Bruce and Heather kept her occupied, the newspapers showing Cecile and Stuart constantly together did nothing for her peace of mind.

Desperate, she confided in Clayton, the old ranch hand, about her marital problems. Three weeks later, Stuart returned but the barrier was still up in their relations. To make matter worse, Cecile, now back in Alberta, sent them an invitation to a barbecue party, where she told Andrea she was going to take Stuart away from her. Soon after, Andrea, consulting a doctor, discovered she was pregnant, but kept the news from Stuart because of the peculiar constraint between them.

NOW READ ON. . .

The day after the ill-fated trip to Calgary, Andrea felt more than usually tired, her body craving sleep. She pecked at her breakfast, not really feeling like eating.

"I'm riding out to the western section to check fences," Stuart said. "Do you want to come?"

Andrea looked up quickly.

PART SIX

TO BEGIN AGAIN

Jan MacLean

TO BEGIN AGAIN by Jan MacLean was originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd., London, (C Jan MacLean 1978.)

Did she want to go with him? Oh, yes, she thought widly, yes, she wanted to go; but then, remembering her secret, she forced herself to respond, "No, thanks, I don't think so." Her voice sounded hollow and empty to her own ears.

"Why not?"

She had not expected him to pursue her for reasons. She groped for words. "Well...I can't really ride that well, and it's such a long distance."

"Of course, you can ride well enough. So my company is hard to take, is it, my dear wife? Do you prefer someone else's — Ronald's, for example?"

"That's unfair, Stuart!"

Andrea watched her husband leave. He swung his lean body into the saddle and headed out across the field towards the tall stand of white birches, riding easily as if a part of the magnificent animal that carried him.

The day dragged. In the evening the earth lay still in an expectant hush, and there she stood, on the edge of the earth, waiting...waiting...but for what?

The dark sky, filled with rolling black clouds, was streaked with slanted white. The calm gave way in an instant to a driving wind, then to a slashing white downfall.

As the rain gradually diminished in intensity, she said to Clayton. "It's getting so late, it'll be dark soon. Stuart should have been home by now."

He looked at her, placing his gnarled and leathery hand on her slim shoulders. "Easy, child," he said softly. "Believe me, he's a capable man, born to this country. He knows it like he knows his own soul. Don't fear for him, he'll turn up any time now."

Then faintly in the distance she heard the rhythmic drumming of horse's hooves, steadily getting closer in the silver moonlight. She gripped the fence, her heart pounding in her breast. Thank God I was wrong, she thought to herself. Stuart's safe after all. But a few minutes later it was a riderless horse that broke through the darkness into her range of vision.

"Oh no! No!' she gasped, running to intercept Shah's mad gallop.

"Where is he, Shah? Where is he, boy? What's happened? If you could only speak...if you could only lead us to him!" Then she saw the scraped and bleeding flesh over the stallion's ribs. Her eyes widened in fear, and for an instant her whole being

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TO BEGIN AGAIN

Andrea's efforts to win back Stuart's love continue to fail. The marriage reaches the breaking point when Stuart accuses her of infidelity and slaps her, and Andrea runs away from home

cried out to Stuart, lost somewhere in the vast blackness of the night.

The twins met her at the door. "It's Daddy, isn't it? He's come home, hasn't he, Andrea?" They tried to push past her, to run and meet him, but she caught them both, kneeling and drawing them to her.

"No, it isn't your father. Shah came home alone."

Within ten minutes Clayton rode up to the main house accompanied by about a dozen men on horseback.

"Okay, we'll get started." He patted her shoulder. "Not to worry, child... we'll find him."

"Let me come with you, Clayton. I can't stay here and be so useless. I want to help." But he refused.

Dawn came slowly. A faint greyness tinged the sky, which gradually lightened. The air was chill before the sunrise. Clayton rode in, his lined and haggard face revealing that he had had no luck in the search.

"No news," he said to her unspoken question.

"Oh, Clayton, if he's hurt and out there..." she shook her head, terror blanking out thought. "It was so cold last night."

They both looked up as another rider came in. To Andrea's consternation, it was Ronald Martin. No sooner had he dismounted than Andrea rushed at him, anger flushing her face.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "Get out! You've done enough damage...you and your sister!"

His only response was a sneering half-smile as he said, "Friendly as ever, aren't you, Andrea? As it happens, I was asked to be a member of the search party. And it would appear I'm the only one with any news."

"News?" she gasped. "What news?"

His mouth thinned vindictively. "I hope you can handle being a widow, Andrea."

Clayton, in one step, grabbed the younger man. "Ronald," he demanded, "what are you saying? What do you know? Answer me straight, or so help me, I'll..."

Ronald didn't wait for him to finish, muttering sullenly, "I saw him, I found him."

"Where? Damn you, talk!" Clayton's grip tightened and fear blanched Ronald's sharp features.

"By the old miner's cabin, by the river," he blurted. "He must have fallen over the embankment. I think he's...dead."

"No! He can't be!" Andrea cried.

They rode at top speed, not sparing the horses or themselves, for almost an hour. Occasionally Tom and Pete, riding side by side, exchanged a low-voiced remark, but Clayton and Andrea travelled in silence.

They slowed their pace as the cabin came into view, and in spite of herself, Andrea's hands tensed on the reins.

"Over here, by the river," Clayton directed, grimfaced and watchful.

They rode for a few moments along the edge of the embankment, Andrea pulling slightly ahead of them. It was she who saw Stuart first, lying still and seemingly lifeless, by the water's edge. The river, swollen by the heavy rains, rushed through the gully, only inches from his body. She leaped from the mare, half sliding and half scrambling down the bank, an avalanche of loose rocks spilling after her. She knelt by his side.

Stuart lay on his back, one arm outflung; the fingernails were torn and broken and his hands ingrained with dirt as though he had been trying to crawl up the bank. One leg was twisted under him at a grotesque angle. The right side of his face was bruised and scraped, while his dark hair was matted with dried blood. She could see no evidence of breathing, no signs of life.

"Oh, no. . . dear God, no. . . he can't be dead...he can't be..."

She covered her face with shaking hands, fear taking her in its icy grip again. Clayton fell to his knees beside her, placing his ear on Stuart's chest.

"No...he's alive, Andrea. He's alive. His heartbeat's pretty weak. We've got to get him home, as fast as we can."

He called up the bank to Pete and Tom. "Get the blankets and cut some limbs from the trees. We'll make a travois, it's the only way. We can't put him on a horse." He lowered his voice.

The ride home seemed to last for ever. Andrea rode alongside the travois, which Clayton had harnessed to Pete's horse. Stuart had been covered with blankets and made as comfortable as possible, his body firmly lashed to the tree limbs, but when he periodically recovered consciousness, Andrea could see how he was suffering from every movement of the crudely rigged stretcher.

Their progress was slow and tortuous, and it was nearly noon when they reached the house. The children rushed towards them, breaking loose from Maggie's grip. Bruce stared at his father, his little face pale and fearful. "He...Daddy's...is Daddy dead, Andrea?"

She pulled him to her quickly, and turned to gather Heather into her arms. "No, Bruce, he's not dead."

She spoke with great gentleness, urging them towards the house as she spoke. "He is badly hurt, though, and he's going to need our help. So come with me now and we'll let Dr. Grant take care of him."

For the first two days that Stuart was in hospital, Andrea stayed almost constantly at his bedside, pushing herself beyond her normal human limits.

Clayton consoled her. "Mark my words, Andrea, he'll live. He'll walk out of here. I've no doubt of it. He's strong... and he's a survivor."

"Oh, Clayton, he has to, he just has to," she stammered. "You were right, you see I am going to have a baby. He has to live to see the baby. And I couldn't live without him, Clayton, I love him so."

She was called back from her reflections by Dr. Grant's gentle voice. "Andrea, please come outside. I want to talk to you."

She followed him out of the room, where Clayton was waiting, too. "I've asked asked Clayton to take you home. The worst has passed, and Stuart's going to be all right. Now it's you who needs some attention."

When Stuart regained consciousness, she went to see him. He lay very still, but his eyes were sharp and clear. He seemed fully aware of his surroundings... and of Andrea. She walked softly towards him, her heart pounding with the unutterable joy of knowing that he would live and be well again; joy also in the knowledge that he had needed her by his side. Perhaps she would tell him now, today, about the baby. What greater gift could she give him? she thought.

She held a single talisman rose in her hand. Holding it out to him, her hand trembling, and her voice slightly husky, she managed to say, "It's for you, Stuart, I thought you'd like it. It's so beautiful and so perfect."

She could not continue. Tears misted her vision, but she saw his hand reach out and touch the soft velvet petals of the flower.

"Yes, it is beautiful, very beautiful, Andrea." He looked at her in a way that she could not understand, his eyes grey depths of immeasurable feeling that she was at a loss to interpret. "But it's not perfect, nothing is perfect."

He paused, still looking at her as if trying to see to the very depths of her soul. "This beautiful flower, so nearly perfect, as you say, also has thorns...thorns that can cut deeply." He withdrew his hand, adding coldly, "You could probably get the nurse to put it in water — she may like it on her desk."

His words tore at her as the thorns of the rose would tear, and unbelievingly she watched the cold and distant look again invade Stuart's eyes, his face becoming a mask of hardened features. So he had not forgiven her. He turned his face away from her and closed his eyes.

Her gaze fell on the talisman rose on the table by his bed; its petals were already drooping. She had never felt hatred for anyone before, but for one brief, terrible instant, she was pervaded with bitter resentment towards Cecile, who was so wantonly wrecking her marriage; Cecile intended that there be no possibility of a reconciliation between Stuart and his wife.

On leaden footsteps Andrea left the hospital room, leaving the man she loved so desperately and so futilely, wondering how much longer she could survive the seesawing of her emotions from hope to despair.

Weeks later, Andrea parked the car and slowly walked towards the clinic. Stuart was coming home to White Birches and she had driven into Valleyfield to pick him up, scarcely knowing whether she was glad or sorry to do so. She thought back over the strain, both mental and physical, of the past few weeks. Stuart had been unrelenting in the barrier he had once again erected between them.

In the days that followed Stuart's return to White Birches,

Continued on page 41

A TREAT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
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RE-ENTER SUHASINI— AS A FILM MAKER

She has changed considerably. From a mischievous tomboy with close-cropped hair and eyes sparkling with laughter, Suhasini Mulay has matured into a beautiful, sensitive woman. The practical boy's crop has grown to an attractively unmanageable length. "Excuse me, I've lost my pins," she smiles apologetically as she knots and re-knots the hair at the nape of her neck. Years before, that smile, warm, unaffected, embracing, had endeared her to her school audience before whom the thirteen-

"I don't want to spend all my time and energy in acting. How many films are there worth acting in, anyway?" Making films is more satisfying, more creative.

Ratu Kamlani

year-old slipped spontaneously into Dennis the Menace's role. That smile is what people mainly remember of "Bhuvan Shome". The smile is still the same, but the frolicsome, slightly shy "Bhuvan Shome" girl has changed into a confident career woman.

Acting creditably in Mrinal Sen's film while she was in the last year of school made her a part of the celluloid world. Suhasini's contact with films, however, began much earlier. Her mother is a founder-member of the Federation of Film Societies of India, and "I had cinema dinned into my ears constantly," she says. An advertising campaign for Pears' soap preceded her performance as a rustic girl in "Bhuvan Shome". Then came a break from facing the cameras.

Suhasini is a natural when it comes to acting. But "it can be such a pain. All those bloody facials. I'd never seen a hairdressing salon before!"

So, in '69, she decided to forget films, and immerse herself in the academic world of microbiology and agriculture at a university in Montreal, Canada. Soon she found herself wondering what she could do with her qualifications in India — confine herself to research? The picture didn't appeal; it was too restricting perhaps. That's when Suhasini switched roles again, abandoning the microscope for a camera. She did a five-year course in mass communications, which included journalism, film and TV production.

"That course qualified me to make educational films. I have the necessary know-how." And working with such stalwarts as Mrinal Sen (she assisted him in "Mrigayaa") and Satyajit Ray (in "Jana Aranya") helped. In September, '75 she co-directed a documentary called "Vigyan Ki Padhai" with Sen.

Independently, Suhasini has made several slide-tapes for S.N.D.T. University. One such tackles the theme of adult literacy. Its aim is to attract and involve urban students in the adult literacy campaign. "You see, urban students are not really interested in going to the villages to teach. When they do venture forth they are disillusioned because they don't evoke the instant response they expect.

A film worth acting in: Suhasini as a barber's wife in Kantilal Rathod's "Ramnagari", "a very traditional woman's role in an orthodox film."

LEFT: With Amol Palekar and Achyut Potdar in a scene from the same film.

The film helps to give them an accurate picture of what to expect and why," Suhasini explains.

One subject Suhasini is particularly concerned about is women. She made a special slide-tape for SNDT University on the Working Women of India. "This presentation attempts to shatter the traditional clear cut images of the Indian woman as homemaker and the man as breadwinner. Among the lower middle class and peasants, women work 87 per cent of the time they are awake. They assist the men in the fields, work in factories and do the housework as well.

"I'm not of the bra-burning variety of libbers, but I am definitely concerned about the condition of women," she says.

Suhasini is determined to make a name for herself in a profession that is male dominated. "One or two women do not pose a threat. There aren't enough women technicians. . . I am just as competent as the men to discuss lenses and lighting, but it takes the men — even the women, surprisingly — a little while to accept my opinions."

This does not deter Suhasini from making films. Soon she hopes to start working on a series of films for children between the ages of five and eight. The programme, for television, will be "semi-entertainment, semi-educative," handling basic concepts such as shapes, sizes, textures, numbers in an imaginative way. "If you get children at that age to understand simply and thoroughly, the rest of the educational exercise becomes simple," says Suhasini.

But working for Doordarshan is not exactly a pleasure. "There isn't any system. There's no feedback at all. It's like working in the dark all the time." All the same, Suhasini is game enough to try it.

Just as she is willing to try acting again. She qualifies that: "I don't want to spend all my time and energy in acting. How many films are there worth acting in, anyway?"

Some time back, she did a short ad film "for some vague washing soap — can't remember the name. I needed money to go from Bombay to Delhi in a hurry, so I did it."

A more challenging and satisfying role is in Kantilal Rathod's "Ramnagari", in which Suhasini plays a barber's wife; a very traditional woman's role in an "orthodox film which deals with the caste problem in a nice way". "Ramnagari" is a comedy with an underlying note of seriousness.

"Working with this particular unit is fun. Kanti is open to suggestion and Amol Palekar is very helpful. One blessing is that the guy has brains. You can sit and discuss something with him and he's a very good actor too."

What about acting in a masaledar commercial? That seems to be the ultimate even for the talented. One recalls Shabana Azmi who started her career so promisingly by acting in a few good roles and then, in conformity with her so-called star status, started accepting stereotyped, essentially decorative roles. Says Suhas: "I want to act in at least one blockbuster. **Ek karke chhod denge.** One would do it for a laugh."

Suhasini is not only a good actress, but has also the training of a film-maker. "Acting," she says, "can be quite satisfying, but there's a whole difference. You don't get the feeling that you've made something, of creating something. And while making films there is the idea that you're the boss — that helps!"

From short audio visuals and T.V. features to commercial films?

"Well, I don't think I have the calibre to make a good commercial film like 'Amar Akbar Anthony'."

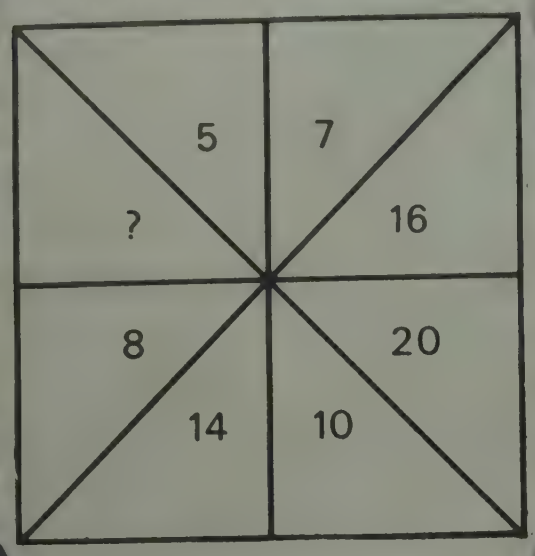
Art films? "That, I suppose, is the field one would fall into. Frankly, I find the whole classification very dubious. I mean a person like Basu Chatterji falls in both 'categories', right?"

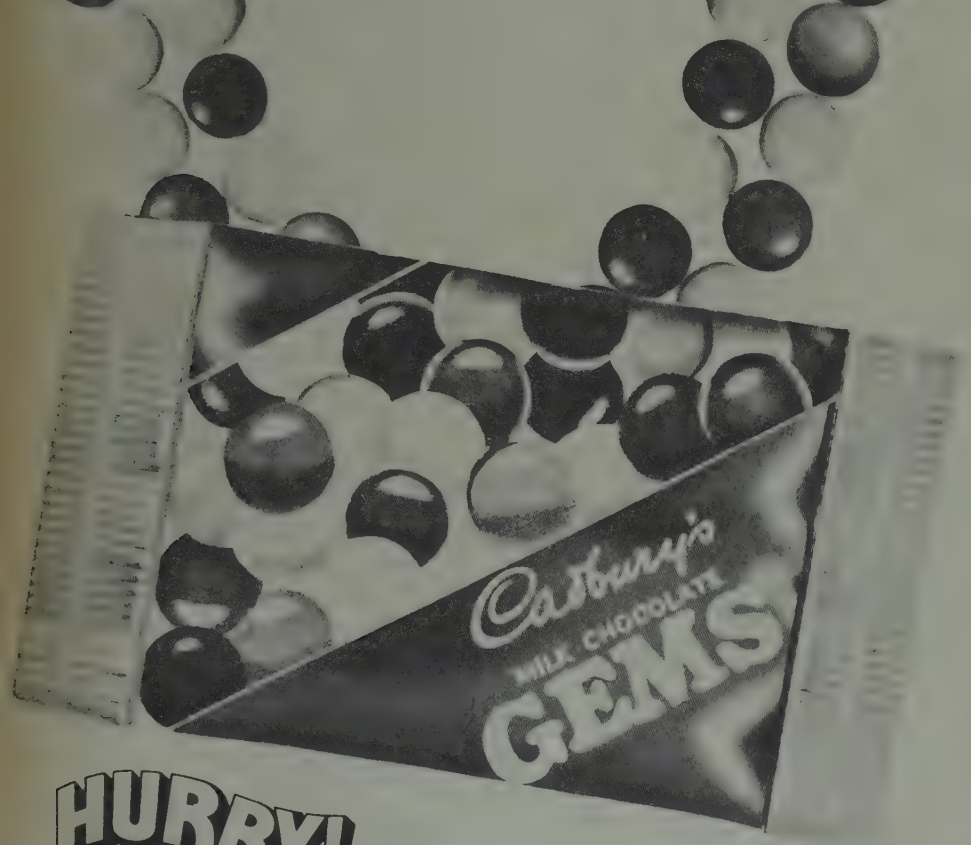
While Suhasini takes her time to decide whether she wants to become a full-time actress or a full-time film-maker, we'll keep our fingers crossed and hope that she'll do a bit of both.

FUN WITH GEMS

1001 LUCKY PRIZES TO BE WON

What is the missing number?





HURRY!

Send in your answer accompanied by one empty large (30 g.) plastic packet of Cadbury's Gems. The first 1001 successful entrants will each get a State Bank Gift Cheque for Rs. 11.

Please write the answer, as well as your name and address, in English only, and in block letters. Mail entries to:

"Fun with Gems", Dept. No. D - 3.
Post Box No. 56, Thane 400 601, Maharashtra.

Last date for receiving entries:
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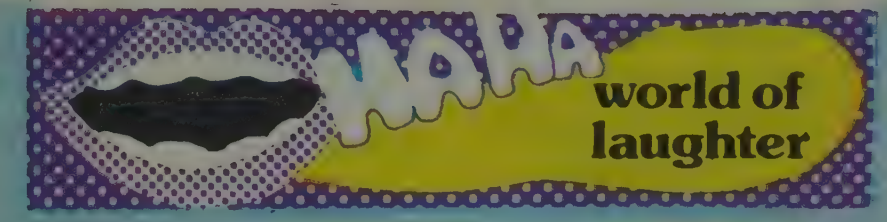
THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I'M HUNGRY, EMILY - WHEN DO WE EAT?
WHEN I FINISH MY HOUSEWORK-
BUT IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL DAY?
I'VE BEEN BUSY-
BUSY? NOBODY COULD SPEND ALL DAY CLEANING THIS LITTLE HOUSE! YOU'VE GOT TO BE THE MOST DISORGANIZED PERSON IN THE WORLD!
THAT'S RIDICULOUS....I'M SO HIGHLY ORGANIZED I LIVE MY WHOLE LIFE BY A SCHEDULE!
12-4
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1977. World rights reserved.
THAT'S MY TROUBLE -
I WAS BOOKED SOLID RIGHT THROUGH THE DAY FROM "GUESS THAT TUNE" TO THE FIVE O'CLOCK NEWS!
TV WEEK
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN



Mrs. Redmond went into the confession box and was about to start when she noticed an unfamiliar face behind the shutter.

"You're not Father Donlon. What are you doing there?"

"I'm the French polisher, Madam."

"Well, where is Father Donlon?"

"I couldn't tell you, but if he heard anything like the stories I've been listening to, he's gone for the police."

* * *

The three thugs attacked Slattery and it was a fierce struggle. Finally they got him down and took three shillings and a half penny from his pocket.

"What the hell did you put up a fight like that for three shillings and a half penny?" asked one of the disgusted hijackers.

"Sure and I thought you were after the ten pound note in me sock."

* * *

The maid picked up the phone and muttered something before slamming it down.

"Who was that, Marie? I'm expecting a trunk call."

"Only some mad idiot, Mr. Wilson. He said it was a long distance from California. I told him we knew that."

* * *

Then there was the notice outside an Irish dance hall which proclaimed that: "Ladies and gentlemen are welcome, regardless of sex."

* * *

She didn't approve of smoking and when the newcomer got into the carriage and lit his pipe she couldn't help letting him know.

"Do you know that my husband is sixty years of age and he never puts a pipe in his mouth?"

"Madam, I'm sixty-five and never put it anywhere else."

* * *

"What's he charged with?" asked the judge.

"Bigotry, Your Honour. He married three women."

"Don't be absurd, Guard. That's not bigotry, that's trigonometry."

* * *

The doctor was amazed. "Mr. Rafter, your wife's baby weighs only fifteen ounces."

Rafter waved a modest hand. "What would you expect, Doctor? We're only married a fortnight."

* * *

"If you feed hens different kinds of food it will affect the eggs," explained the agricultural adviser to the farmer.

"I know that," retorted Flaherty. "A cousin of mine in America fed his hens sawdust and when the eggs were hatched six of the chickens had wooden legs and four of them were woodpeckers."

* * *

"Was your father very shy, Ronan?"

"Shy? My mother told me that if he hadn't been so shy, I'd be five years older now."

* * *

"Tommy, I hope you didn't take a second piece of cake at the party."

"No, I took two pieces the first time."

* * *

There was an old sculptor named Phidias
Whose knowledge of art was invidious.
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie —
Which startled the purely fastidious.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Clearly a collector's item.
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Shri Ambica Mills
Shri Arbuda Mills

BIDHAN-AG 36/78

THE 'MYTH' OF MALENESS

Tall. Strong. Unruffled by any event. Independent and carrying with him an I-don't-care attitude. I could be describing the hero of almost any popular novel. The American movie idols also represent the macho image. Burt Reynolds, Clint Eastwood and Paul Newman are but a few examples. In India too, Amitabh Bachchan and Dharmendra are the most popular stars, and they owe a lot of their popularity to their He-Man image.

All very well. But in the U.S. there is a growing recognition of the crisis for the male in having to rise up to his so-called "maleness." It is interesting to study this phenomenon. Dr. Herbert Goldberg in his book, "Hazards of Being a Male", provides some interesting statistics.

In the U.S. the life expectancy of the male is ten years less than that of the female. Men have 50 per cent higher incidence of heart disease and cancer. Young boys have more behavioural disorders than girls. Even in the 8-10 age group, the suicide rate among boys is 300 per cent higher than that among girls.

Coincidence? Dr. Goldberg thinks not. He theorizes that the pressure of living up to the masculine model suppresses the survival instinct. The male is traditionally conditioned to perform as a machine in adulthood. He is supposed to be in total control of himself, to deny his pain and emotion, and this leads to a tremendous strain on him.

In India this conditioning exists in forms we all know. Starting with "Boys don't cry" at a very young age, in adulthood he has to prove himself in his career, and the pressure continues to build. In the West, too, the male bears the same kind of pressure — and it accompanies him into his bedroom.

All this leads to the question — "Can the male survive the myth of masculine privilege?"

The macho image identifies an independent man who needs no one to lean on. In reality, the male depends heavily on the female, having been brought up by a woman. However, this dependency is never admitted. The trouble has become explicit since the Women's Liberation Movement.

With the woman's venturing out to pursue a career, the male's sense of security has been threatened. In the U.S., because of the high divorce rate and the acceptance of the single girl in society, the male's insecurity is heightened.

In India, most women are still financially dependent on the male. There is a terrible social stigma attached to divorce, separation and the like. As a result, the male is more secure.

In the U.S., to tackle this problem a "Free Man" campaign has been started. This relates to freedom from a series of stereotypes relating to male careers, male relationships and so on. This Male Liberation Movement is seen not as in conflict with Women's Lib but as a parallel movement.

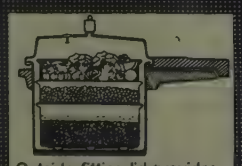
The movement has yet to gain momentum, because so far it has been paid little attention and is limited to a few groups in a few cities. I talked to some men in Chicago to get their views on this issue. Many were unaware of such a movement. Some were extremely sceptical about it and thought it unnecessary. One such man said, "I feel fine till some psychologist tells me that I've got repressed emotions." Many others, however, agreed that there was a need for such a movement. Dr. Bernie Zilbergeld says that most men who ridicule the movement are unaware of many of their own feeling which could be gratified if the movement succeeds.

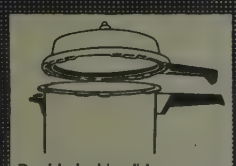
A relevant point which arises is : can society withstand the humanization of the male? In India, this problem of male insecurity being remote, I will not go into the issue of the movement versus society. In the U.S. where this male insecurity is recognised and solutions are being sought, the problem of how society will accept this change merits consideration. Since American society is so flexible, even Dr. Zilbergeld is hesitant about predicting how the male-female relationship would alter as a result of this change. Would it, for example, lessen the woman's attraction for the male?

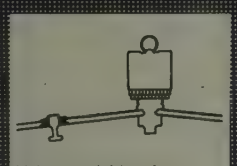
I can't answer for others, but I think I would still prefer a tall, strong, unruffled Amitabh Bachchan.

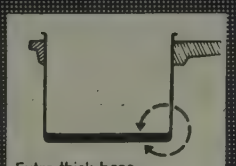
Jyoti Gokhale

8 reasons why...


Outside-fitting lid provides maximum cooking space – with or without separators; for greater fuel economy.


Double locking lid ensures cooker cannot be opened while there is pressure. Safe and easy to use.


Unique weight-valve maintains optimum pressure Safety-valve ensures total safety in 3 ways.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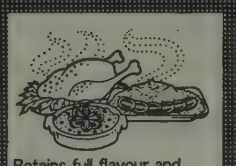
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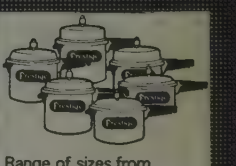
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FASHION OF THE MONTH

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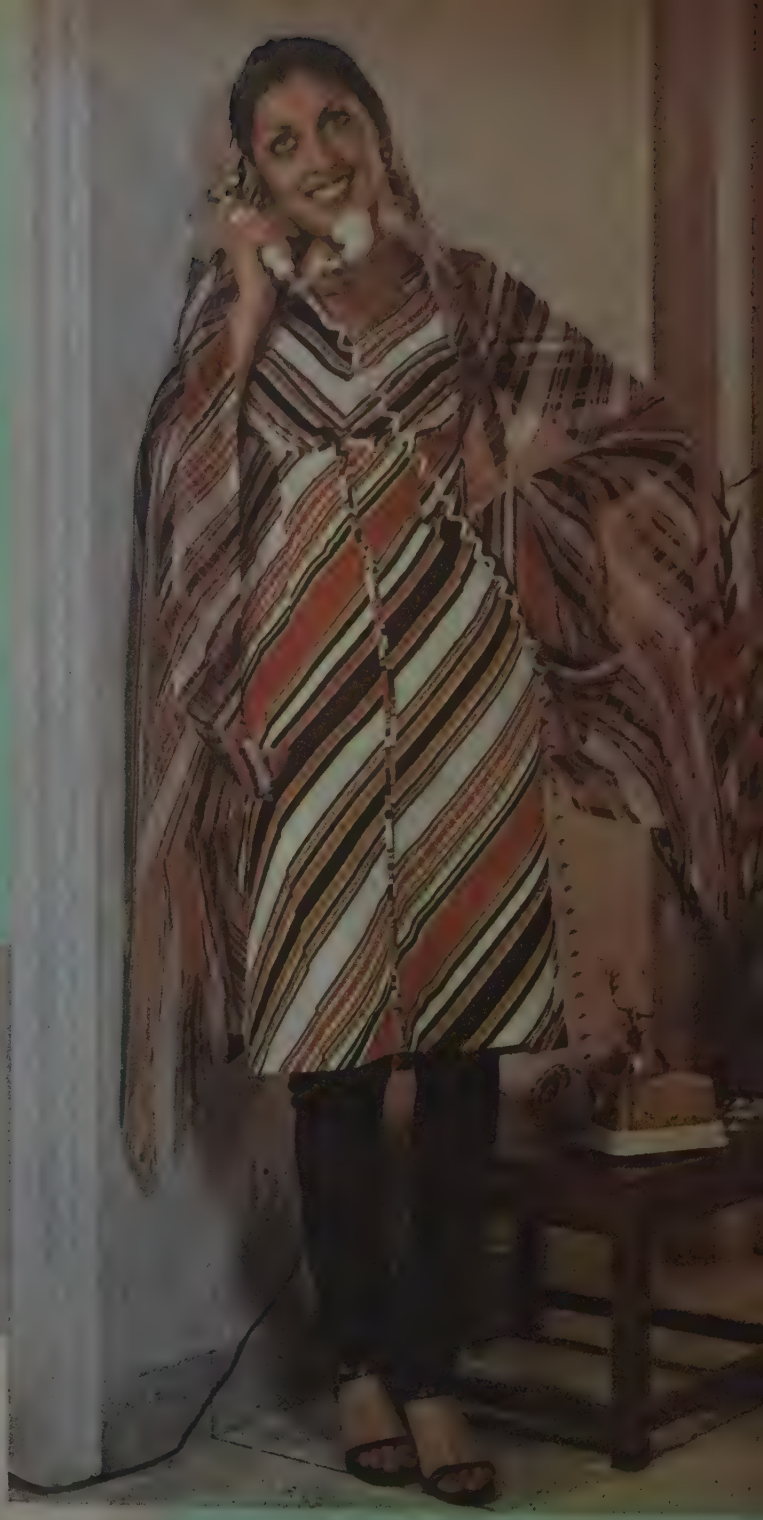

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

We are informed by several readers that they were unable to start collecting the coupons from the beginning of this contest. Therefore, those who have missed out on the earlier coupons will be eligible to participate in the draw if they collect, regardless of the serial number, ten coupons from the earlier, or this and the next issues.

EXHIBITION

Sophistication boutique will hold an exhibition-cum-sale of their exclusively-styled garments on October 16, 17, 18 and 19 at the Silver Arch, Hotel Oberoi Sheraton, Bombay.

This is the eleventh of the 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win-A-Wardrobe from Delhi's popular SOPHISTICATION boutique. A fantastic chance for you to win this marvellous range of outfits.

Add a whole new exciting look to your everyday wardrobe in loose tunic tops and salwar kameez ensembles — note the narrow salwar and trousers in fashion. Designed with you in mind, from tiny tots to young teenagers, in vibrant colours and designs.

Photographs : Harbans Mody

11

Eve's Weekly / SOPHISTICATION

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1 Prizes are in the form of readymade garments.
1st Prize : Rs. 5000; 2nd Prize Rs. 2500; 3rd Prize Rs. 1500 PLUS ten consolation prizes Rs. 100 each.

2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly around February 1979. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.

3. A minimum of 10 coupons must be sent **in one lot**, latest by **December 20, 1978**, after the publication of the 12th feature in November, to the Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400023.

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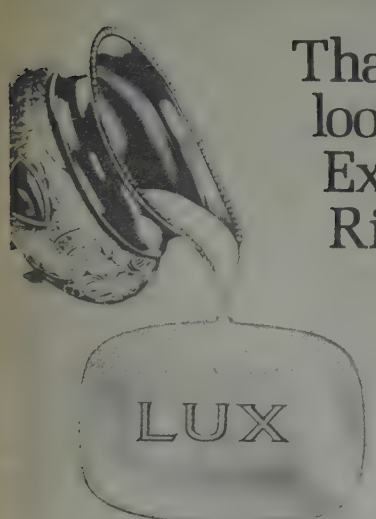

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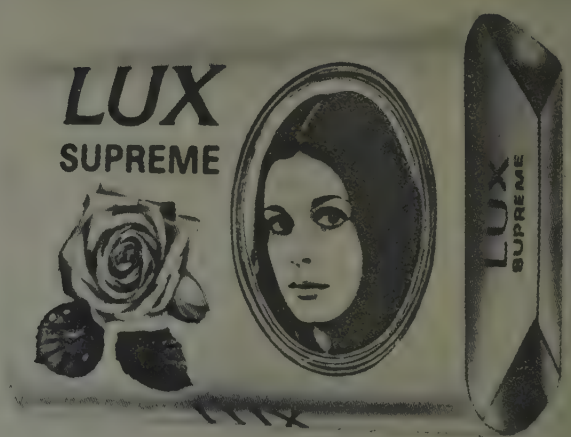

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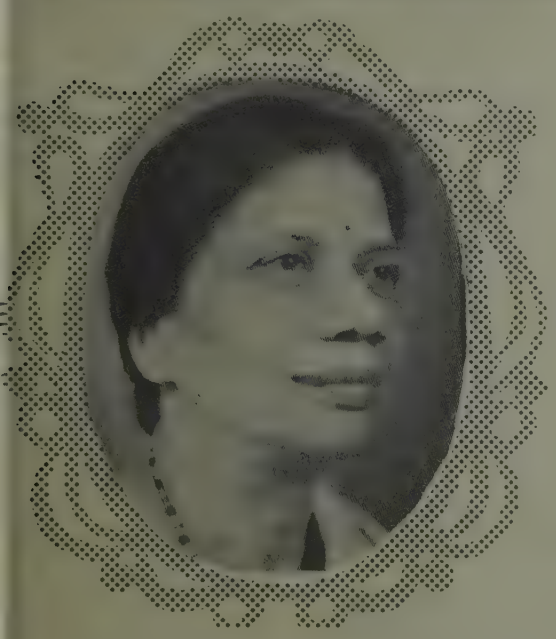
TWO WOMEN MINISTERS OF MAHARASHTRA

Veetee

A social worker and a doctor take on greater social responsibilities

SHANTI NAIK: Commitment to Welfare



Clad in white khadi, the lean lady behind the huge desk exudes cordiality with her warm smile. Sitting amidst visitors and files, she looks up for a brief exchange of pleasantries. A moment later she is all ears to those who have come to her with their problems.

The lady with her unaffected, friendly charm is Shanti Naik, Maharashtra's Minister of State for Social Welfare and Housing.

A veteran in politics and quite familiar with the grievances of the homeless and hutment dwellers, there could not have been a better choice for the portfolio she holds. All through she has fought with different authorities for a better deal for the millions of slum dwellers, and has used all the weapons at her command — morcha, dharna, Satyagraha and hunger strike — and has even courted imprisonment. She has been detained 53 times in her life span of 56 years!

Born in 1922 in Karwar, Shantiji finished her schooling in Sholapur. Then she shifted to Pune for college studies. This was the time when the freedom movement had gained momentum and the message of freedom had spread like wild fire, engulfing the young and old alike.

Shantiji leans back, and goes back to her college days.

"Those days were tense and the atmosphere was surcharged. **'Prabha pheris'** and **'vanarsena'** activities became a part of my daily routine."

She became more and more involved and while studying for B.A. she decided to join the Satyagraha. However, her parents persuaded her to hold back till she completed her graduation. After graduation she left for Calcutta and joined her brother, who was a District Magistrate, and fruitfully utilised her time for in-depth study of Gandhiji's and other political thinkers' thoughts.

It was while she was keeping her terms for M.A. that the Quit India movement of 1942 gained strength. Shantiji organised women's activities and prepared them for nationwide Satyagraha. She was arrested and detained in Yerawada.

Next year she married Mr. Baburao Naik. He also had a political background and it turned out to be an ideal match. Encouragement and cooperation from him enthused her to take to trade union and political activities.

An active Congress worker, Shantiji served as General Secretary of the party and later became its treasurer. She spared no efforts during this period to organise the socialist movement.

Came freedom in 1947 and Shantiji was happy, but Mahatma Gandhi's assassination broke her links with the Congress and she joined the Socialist party and took over as treasurer of the State unit.

She came to Bombay in 1957. What were her first impressions?

"I saw the miserable condition of the slum dwellers. They were unorganised and were exploited. The lowest strata lived there and they had no place to go if they were thrown out. My heart ached when I saw their pitiable condition."

After a brief pause, she continued, "This was also the time when in Chembur about 600 huts were demolished. The situation was tense and the police resorted to lathi charges. However, after our agitation, the Bombay Municipal Corporation agreed to give an alternate place for them to live. Lumbini Baug, standing on a 6-acre site at Deonar has become a happy home for hundreds of people."

Chembur was the beginning. Shantiji started the zopadi movement all over Maharashtra and then on an all-India basis. The response was very encouraging.

She returned to Pune in 1967, where the zopadi movement became instantly popular. Shantiji not only organised them but also inspired them to fight for their rights. The success was notable. The Pune Municipal Corporation promised to provide the hutment dwellers with alternate accommodation in the event of demolition of their zopadis.

Later, her eight-day Satyagraha with women and children forced the Corporation to agree to provide water to hutment dwellers.

Shantiji was then taken on the National Executive of the Socialist Party. She established an organisation to redress griev-

Continued on page 31

DR. PRAMILA TOPLE: Ministering to Health

Dressed in spotless white, she sits listening attentively to the heated arguments of a deputation. Their tempers run high and their voices are loud. The lady however, is unruffled, keeps her cool, says a few soothing words, and they leave with a smile.

She is Dr. Pramila Tople, Maharashtra's Health Minister. All these years she has combined politics and medicine with great success and today she brings to the Health Ministry rich and varied experience both as a politician and as a person who is aware of our health problems.

Born in August 1929, she had her early schooling at Amraoti and then shifted to Nagpur. She joined the Nagpur Medical College and secured the second rank. Brilliant in her studies throughout, she took to political work at an early age and joined the Rashtriya Sevika Samiti. After successful completion of the theory course and attending various camps, she herself conducted classes and camps for the Samiti.

Her father, a freedom fighter, and mother, a social worker, both encouraged her in her political career. She fought her first election while in college and became the vice-president of the Nagpur University Students' Union. Her victory resulted in a personal enquiry from Guruji Golwalkar, and this inspired her all the more to take up social work.

While still in the medical college, one day she visited a friend's house and found a book on anatomy. As her friend was not a medical student, she asked who the owner of the book was and was introduced to him. And what a surprise! He was studying in her college and knew her. But little did she imagine then that he was to be her future life partner.

Pramilatai specialised in Gynaecology and Obstetrics and Dr. Tople in Anaesthetics. After their internship they married and Pramilatai came to Akola and served in the Lady Hardinge Hospital for two years. Thereafter she set up private practice.

She soon made a name for herself as a

Continued on page 31

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KC-1/78

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SHANTI NAIK

Continued from page 27

ances of the backward communities and classes and helped them to get employment and houses. She enlisted women in the Party and helped spread socialism.

As a member of the delegation to the International Socialist Conference in 1952, she studied State Socialism in Yugoslavia, France, Germany and Italy, and saw the progressive socialist movement in action.

When she recalls with gratitude the kind words of the Central Committee of the Socialist Party, that "she combines combat, construction and organisation", her heart fills with pride.

Shantiji decided to join the B.L.D. in 1974. This was again a stormy period. The "Total Revolution" movement started in Bihar by Jayaprakash Narayan had turned into a mass movement. She recalls the day. "I was in Patna to see the procession organised by J.P. I witnessed the lathi charge on the mammoth crowd which was moving peacefully in a procession."

She was a member of the National Executive of the BLD till the Janata Party was formed. When emergency was clamped in June 1975 she organised a struggle against the dictatorial regime. She was arrested under MISA on September 28. In Yerawada jail, "I occupied the same cottage that had been occupied by Kasturba Gandhi and Sarojini Naidu," she mentioned in a voice tinged with pride and nostalgia.

She spent her time reading Mahadeo Desai on Gandhiji and tried her hand at writing on Einstein. She taught young DIR girl detenues English, Economics and Politics.

Today Shantiji is Convener of the Mahila Wing of the Janata Party State unit. She is a member of the State Parliamentary Board and is known for her organising ability.

As a Minister, she faces many urgent problems, but with her grit and dedication she is already bubbling with plans to solve them.

Slum clearance and repairs to old buildings mainly occupy her mind. She feels that outright purchase of the houses from the Housing Board will create a feeling of ownership among the occupants and they take better care of them.

She feels that small tenements with a toilet block for every five houses must be provided for slum dwellers. Balwadis and community centres will make life a little easier for them, but she has to work with the funds earmarked by the earlier government. So she says, "I shall see to it that they get a better deal in the next budget."

On the Social Welfare front, Shantiji will see to it that the funds earmarked for a specific purpose will reach the right place and people. She also wants to organise MAVIM to help downtrodden women in every district. "I would like to go to Ahmedabad and study how they have done it," she says enthusiastically.

Politics, party activities and people's problems take up almost all her time. However, despite her heavy schedule, she finds time to spend with her husband, son and daughter. "And I like to relax with classical music," she says.

DR. PRAMILA TOPLE

Continued from page 27

doctor with a healing touch, and the poor and rich thronged her clinic. This was also the time when Guruji came to Akola and enquired about Pramilatai from his workers. He inspired her to take to serious political work, and her association with the Jana Sangh started.

She went to Ireland for post-graduate studies and completed a diploma course in Gynaecology and Obstetrics in 1961. Today she has two nursing homes in Akola and her name is a household word in the district. Her patients follow her even to jail. Last year, when she was a MISA detenue, a patient, who had a history of abortions but had successfully delivered a baby with Pramilatai's help, came all the way from Akola to Nagpur to get herself examined by Pramilatai. The doctor sought the Jail Superintendent's permission and examined the lady and gave her medical advice.

Even the day before she was sworn in as a Minister in Akola, she performed two caesarian operations. "Just reached here in time for the swearing in," she remarked with a twinkle in her eyes.

As a Minister now, there are a few knotty problems which require her immediate attention. On the Family Planning front, she has a few plans up her sleeve already. She says, "In the next five years, we must provide incentives to rural women and impose disincentives on urban women for an effective FP drive."

What would be her incentives to women in the villages?

"These women are poor and their life hard. Their monetary problems are severe; therefore, if a plan is prepared to provide 50 rupees every month for five years to each rural woman this will be a good incentive for her to opt for FP."

"For urban women, it will have to be disincentives — stopping of increments and such other deterrent methods to induce them to take to FP."

However, Pramilatai says, "I am not for legal compulsion or compulsory sterilisation."

As for rural health service, Pramilatai advocates health insurance. She however, is not in favour of a nationalised health service.

Yet another headache needing her immediate attention is admission to medical colleges. Applicants far outnumber the total number of medical seats in the State, and the clamour for admission is the greatest this year. However, on the issue of reservation of seats, she says, "I am against reservation of seats for any particular group. Admission must be given strictly on merit."

Pramilatai is humble despite all her achievements. How does it feel to occupy a ministerial chair?

"I had never any ambition of becoming a Minister. Whatever I did, I did as service to the nation. I consider this ministerial responsibility as my duty which I have been called upon to shoulder."

She has survived three car accidents and even to this day she is surprised as to how she survived the 1970 accident. Only Providence had saved her. Luck has been her constant companion, especially in August.

"August is a lucky month for me. Many good things have happened. I was born in August, married in August, and have become a Minister in August," she reminisced.

While politics and medicine leaves hardly any time for hobbies, she loves gardening and reading. And she finds time to spend with her daughter Kavita, who is studying in the 10th standard.

LIMERICKS

There was a young lady called Mabel
Who was healthy and ready and able.
She kept herself fit
By golfing a bit
And riding twelve miles from a stable.

There was a young lady called Eva
Who thought men were out to deceive her.
She thought if she dared one
And finally snared one
He'd merely love her and leave her.

There was a young lady called Hannah
Who played very well her piannah.
But she sweated a lot
So she usually got
A friend just to stand there and fannah.

There once was a lady called May
Who smoked ninety cigarettes a day.
One day in the town
Her lungs let her down
And the parson said, "Now let us pray."

There once was a lady called Abbey
Who once swore like hell at a cabbie.
So he drove at a post
With more speed than most
Now she suffers from back aches quite stabby.

There was a young girl who said, "Lookie
I think I'm a very smart cookie."
She'd the gambling itch
And she made herself rich
By feeding jam-tarts to a bookie.

A daring young lady named Leah
Did not show an atom of feah.
She said, "I'll go see
Kashmir, and ski."
She fell fifty times on her reah.

She said to him, "Darling, I do."
He eagerly answered, "Me, too."
So with very broad smiles
They drove out for miles
And had bhel puri down at. . Juhu.

A singer named Ivy McDowd
Would sing on her balcony. . loud.
The pitch of her voice
Made the people rejoice
And the cops had to break up the crowd.

There was a young girl from Colaba
Who was madly in love with her barber.
She'd sit prim in his chair
While he did her hair
But omigawd—out in the harbour!

Ladybird

everything nice with

CURRY AND RICE

Premila Lal

Eating just plain boiled rice is very unappetising unless it's made into a delicious pullao or khichdi or served with piquant curries. Curries make a good base for almost every type of meat, fish and vegetable dishes. There are innumerable ways of preparing curries using different ingredients and methods which add a refreshing and unusual touch. Try these various curries and we assure you the family will clamour for more.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

GOA CURRY

½ kg fish or any sea food
1 coconut
1 tbsp. coriander powder
1 tbsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. mustard seeds
7 or 8 dry red chillis
5 cloves
5 peppercorns
1 small cinnamon stick
½ tsp. fenugreek seeds
1 tbsp. tamarind
250 grams oil or ghee

Grind half the coconut, add two cups of hot water and squeeze out the milk. Soak about a tablespoon of tamarind in the milk for an hour. Strain before use. Now grind all the masala with the remaining half of the coconut to a very fine paste. Fry the ground masala in oil or ghee. When the masala is nicely fried put in the fish and also the coconut milk. Now lower the heat and cook the fish for about 15 minutes or until done.

CHICKEN AND ALMOND CURRY

1 large chicken
2 cups blanched almonds
2 coconuts
1 tbsp. poppy seeds
2 doz. red chillis or to taste
6 green chillis
2 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste

Cut the chicken into pieces and boil in salted water. When done take the chicken out of the stock and keep one cup of the liquid. Grind the almonds, one fourth of one coconut, poppy seeds and red

chillis. Grate the rest of the coconut and soak it in three cups of water to extract the milk.

Heat ghee, fry the ground masala till brown and add the one cup of liquid in which the chicken was cooked and the three cups of coconut milk. Simmer for a few minutes and then add the chicken and green chillis. Simmer for 15 minutes.

MUTTON CHILLI FRY

1 kg mutton
20 dry red chillis
20 cloves
4 onions
5 cardamoms
6 cloves
2 sticks cinnamon
4" piece ginger
1 tsp. turmeric powder
90 grams dried coriander seeds
250 grams sour curd
Juice of a lemon
4 tbsps. ghee
Small bunch of coriander leaves
Salt to taste

Wash the meat into 2-inch cubes. Slice the onions into thin long pieces. Finely slice ginger and garlic separately. Heat a teaspoon of ghee on a tava and roast the chillis till dark in colour. Fry the coriander seeds, garlic and ginger separately in the same way using just one teaspoon ghee for each ingredient. Keep these fried spices aside.

In a large saucepan heat the remaining ghee and fry the onions till golden brown and crisp, drain and keep aside. Now add the cloves, cardamoms and cinnamon to the ghee and fry. Put in the mutton and turmeric powder and salt. Cover and cook till the meat is half cooked. Add curd and remaining spices. Mix and cook on a low fire till meat is tender. Just before serving mix in the lemon juice and fried onion slices.

LIME CURRY

6 lemons
½ coconut
8 dry chillis (red)
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tbsp. coriander
1 piece turmeric
2 green chillis
1 clove garlic
1 piece ginger
2 onions
1 spoon ghee

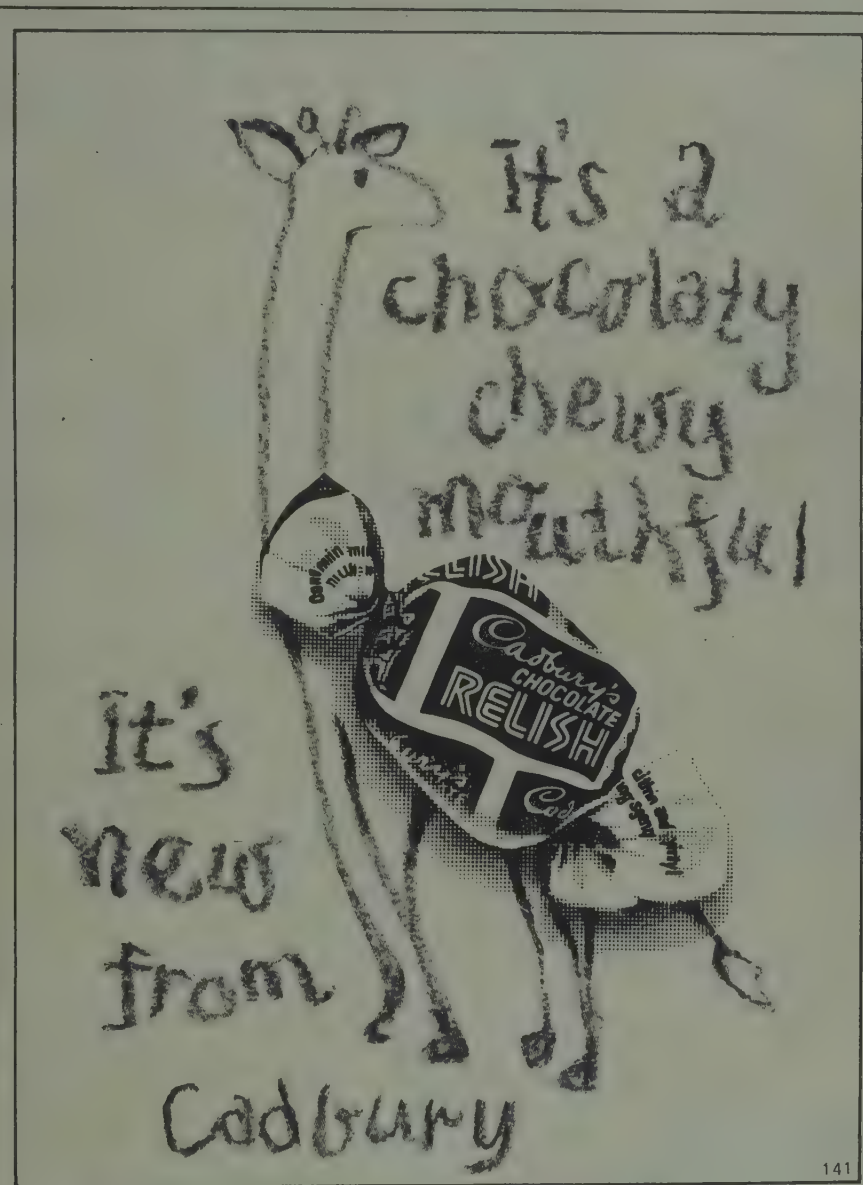
Wash the lemons and cut into small bits. Prepare lime water by dissolving a spoonful of lime in a bottle of water. After the lime settles at the bottom, only the clear water is to be used. Into this water now put the pieces of lime and boil for five minutes. This will remove the bitterness usually found in the fruit. Drain off the water. Heat ghee in a saucepan, fry the dry spices and coconut. Then grind them well. Grind the fresh masala, i.e. the onions, chillis, ginger and garlic into a paste. Add to the ground spices. Mix all the ingredients with the lime pieces, curry leaves, and salt to taste. Cook gently for 45 minutes till the curry is ready for serving.

DAHI WADA KUDI

500 grams black gram dal (urad)
1 kg curds
1 tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. asafoetida
100 grams oil
4 green chillis
A pinch of soda-bicarb
30 grams raisins
3 limda leaves (lemon leaves)
Coriander leaves
Salt to taste

Soak the dal in water overnight. Drain and grind it to a paste. Add salt and soda bicarb, Soak the raisins in hot water.

Heat the oil, make small balls of the dal paste and fry until golden brown. Remove and add to the curd. Prepare the curd by adding one cup of water and mix with a beater. Add chopped green chillis and soaked raisins and salt to taste. Let the wadas soak in the curd for two hours. Before serving, heat little oil in a saucepan. Fry the mustard seeds and asafoetida till seeds splutter. Add the limda leaves. Pour into the curd mixture.



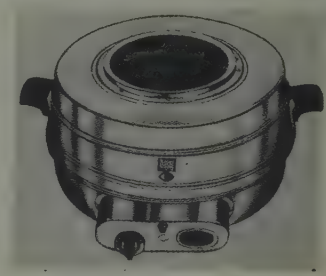
Cadbury's CHOCOLATE RELISH It's a mouthful!

ANNOUNCING GIFTS FOR THE SPECIAL ISSUE CONTEST

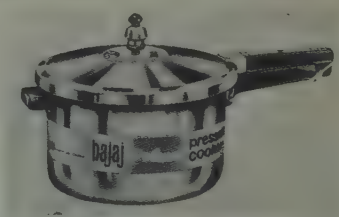
The prize winners of our Special COOKERY Issue Contest will receive the following gifts from BAJAJ ELECTRICALS LIMITED, Bombay.

1ST PRIZE: No. 1 Bajaj Junior Mixer —— two speed

2ND PRIZE: No. 1 Bajaj Round Oven with Thermostat



3RD PRIZE: No. 1 Bajaj Pressure Cooker —— 6.5 litres



5 Consolation Prizes: The next five best entries will receive a copy each of Four Seasons Cook Book.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

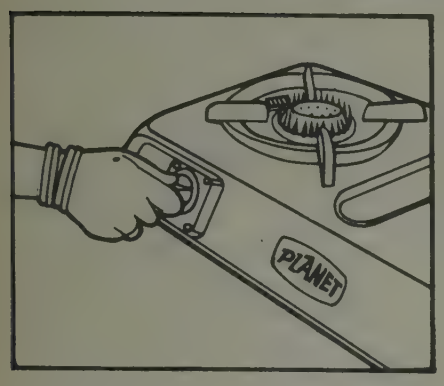
Prize winners of our weekly contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder, and Corn Flour,

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023

For the first time in India

AUTOMATIC SELF LIGHTING GAS HOT PLATE

Planet



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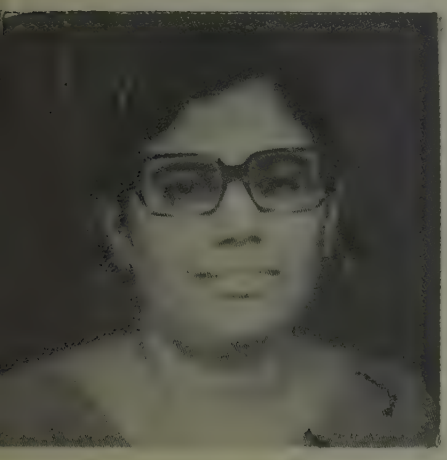
recipes from our readers



Mrs. Homai Daruvala, Hyderabad.

MIRCHI-KA-SALAN

750 grams long large chillis
100 grams sesame seeds
100 grams dessicated coconut
50 grams coriander powder
25 grams cummin powder
tsp. onion seeds
tsp. mustard seeds
tsp. fenugreek seeds
100 grams tamarind
250 grams sweet oil
10 curry leaves
Salt to taste
50 grams ground nuts

Slit chillis lengthwise keeping them in one piece. Carefully remove seeds. Grind to a paste the sesame, coconut and ground nuts. Soak tamarind in 2½ cups of water and remove the pulp.

Heat oil in a dekchi. Add curry leaves, fenugreek, mustard, coriander and cummin powder and onion seeds. When they begin to splutter add washed chillis and keep stirring. When chillis turn white in colour add the ground paste. Mix well with tamarind juice and salt, Stir for a while. Wait till the chillis are well cooked. Simmer till oil floats on top. Serve hot with rice or chappatis.

Miss Neelam Sukhwani, New Delhi.

SINDHI CURRY

100 grams gram flour
1 litre water
100 grams ghee
½ tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. red chilli powder
2 green chillis, chopped
20 grams ginger
10 grams kokum
25 grams tamarind
50 grams each mixed vegetables of your choice (at least 10 varieties)
½ tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. cummin seeds
½ tsp. fenugreek seeds
100 grams paneer

Fry the gram flour in ghee till light brown. Put water and add salt, red chillis and green chillis. Keep stirring so that there are no lumps. When it starts boiling add the previously chopped and fried vegetables one lot at a time. Fry the paneer light brown. Add this to the vegetables. Cook till the vegetables are tender. Extract tamarind water and mix it with the vegetable curry. Let it simmer for few minutes and take off the fire. Heat a little ghee in a fry pan and fry the mustard seeds, cummin seeds and fenugreek seeds. Add this to the cooked curry. Serve hot with white rice.

Mrs. Sudha Arora, Madras.

MUNG DAL KI BARFI

½ kg mung dal
¼ kg khoya
1 kg sugar
20 almonds (optional)
10 grams raisins
10 grams cardamoms
5 grams pistachios
½ kg ghee
3 silver foil

Soak dal overnight. Wash and take out the skin and then grind it into a fine paste. Heat ghee and fry the paste till the dal turns brown. Heat khoya a little and mix it to the dal. Mix sugar to one-third litre of water and heat it till the syrup is thick. (four strings). Mix the paste to the syrup and heat for five to 10 minutes stirring continuously. Remove it from the fire and put it on a greased plate. Let it cool and then sprinkle some finely chopped almonds, raisins, pistachios and powdered cardamom. Decorate with silver foil. When cool cut it into diamond shapes.

Mrs. Bertha Periers Bangalore

PRALINE CAKE

250 grams Marie biscuits, crushed
125 grams butter
1 dtsp. sugar
1 tbsp. golden syrup
1½ tbsps. cocoa
3 tbsps. icing sugar

Mix butter, cocoa, golden syrup and sugar on a a very low heat, till butter melts, then add the crushed biscuits and heat the mixture well. (Do not boil) Pack the mixture into a round greased cake tin and cool in a frig. Beat 3 tablespoons of icing sugar with some butter and cocoa and top the cake with it. Serve when chilled.

weekly winner

Mrs. Karuna R. Rao of Madras wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, Bombay and a gift hamper from Weikfield.

RICE DELIGHT

3 cups rice
1 cup tur (Arhar) dal
5 tbsps. tamarind juice
½ tsp. turmeric powder
250 grams small onions or small tender brinjals
100 grams potato chips for garnishing

ROAST AND GRIND TO A PASTE:

½ coconut, grated
2 tbsps. coriander seeds
6 red chillis
1 piece asafoetida
2 tbsps. black gram dal
2 tbsps. gram dal
2 tbsps. poppy seeds
1 tsp. mustard seeds
6 cloves
2 tbsps. salt

FOR SEASONING:

1 tbsp. mustard seeds
50 grams groundnuts
50 grams cashewnuts
A sprig of curry leaves
3 tbsps. cooking oil

Pressure cook rice and dal with four cups of water with a little turmeric powder. Fry the onions. Add the fried onions, tamarind pulp, masala paste and half cup of water to the rice and dal mixture. Bring to boil on a slow flame. Remove from fire. Heat oil. Add mustard seeds. When the seeds begin to splutter, add groundnuts and cashewnuts. When brown, add curry leaves. Pour the mixture over the rice and mix well. Garnish with coriander leaves and potato chips.

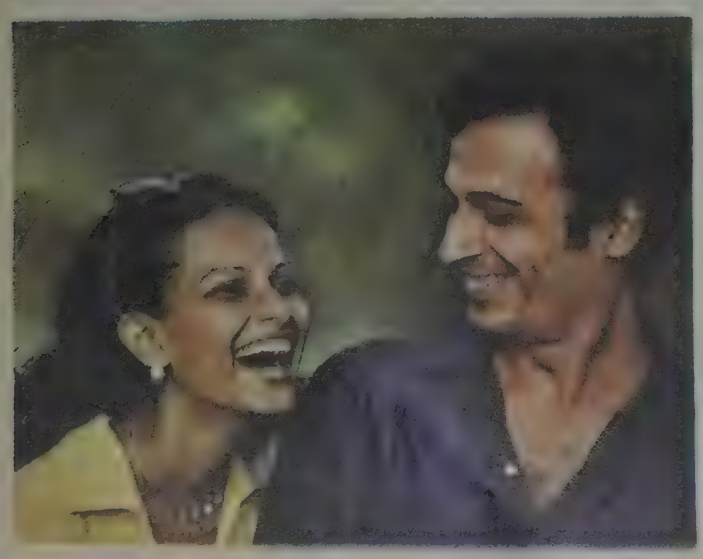
COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

Lovely Lakmé Girls
Lovely Lakmé Colours



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DR. ANN WIGMORE

WHEAT GRASS FOR HEALTH

"Food set me on the road to sickness," said Dr. Ann Wigmore, visiting nutritionalist from the US. "And drugs aggravated my condition. Till I discovered for myself, step by step, the road to recovery. Everything fails till you go to root of the disease. Drugs only give you a temporary satisfaction and leave you to face their side-effects. The medical profession has never understood health, only disease and drugs.

"Living food, not cooked food, is the key to health. The food we eat is inadequate to fulfil the body's needs. We have to replace it by uncooked foods."

Dr. Wigmore believes in natural therapy, especially "wheat grass therapy". "Wheat grass can be used as a cleanser, to get rid of facial blemishes. Its juice can be used as an eyewash; and when eaten, it gives energy. Milk can be got from it, which is easier to digest than animal milk. The calcium in animal milk gets into our joints and solidifies them. It is good only for babies, not adults."

Dr. Wigmore claims that her approach to health is a 'holistic' one. It includes the physical and mental aspects of health. "Unlike allopathic medicine, it does not focus only on the disease. For instance, if your problem is overeating, it could be because you are emotionally disturbed, or it may be due to a deficiency in the kind of food you eat."

In the camp set up by Dr. Wigmore in Delhi, patients were taught to discover what caused their disease, and also the nutritional value of their food. "We wanted them to adjust to their needs by themselves, to learn to correct their faults and assume complete responsibility over their bodies."

Dr. Wigmore and a few like-minded people have founded the Hippocrates Health Institute in Boston, where 'natural therapy' is taught. "The body must learn to heal itself, and it can only do so in a 'natural' environment. More and more people in the US are now accepting this. It's called going 'back to Nature'.

"Many Americans are also getting disillusioned with doctors and hospitals. For instance, one woman spent 150 dollars a day on hospital fees for her husband, who died within three days. She had to mortgage her home to pay for the expenses! And more and more women are delivering their children at home.

"You (Indians) haven't got too far away from Nature. You don't use too many additives, but you have four items used in abundance, and which you must avoid — oil, spices, salt and milk. But you have the Gandhian simplicity of life already as an ideal before you. Your Prime Minister's strong constitution is due to the fact that he's still on living food, specially fruit. But now some Americans too have started bringing up their children on uncooked food, on 'plastic foods.'"

Dr. Wigmore was born in Lithuana and early in life became an American citizen. "I was born in deprived conditions, and hence had to live a simple life. This was the beginning of my interest in health. This and the fact that my grandmother was a nature physician. I started appreciating Nature's simplicity very early."

Dr. Wigmore first tried out her drugless therapy on herself. "Twenty years ago I was a very ill person. I didn't have a very strong constitution, I had a weight problem, and my hair was prematurely grey. Now it's brown, my weight has remained the same for a long time, and I rarely feel any fatigue or sickness."

While in India, Dr. Wigmore conducted camps in Delhi and Bombay, where, she claimed, patients were cured of arthritis, acidity and even cancer patients got some relief. She has set up a permanent centre in Bombay which will train people in natural therapy.

children's page

Kamal Aurora

POEMS FOR FUN!

Five-line funny poems are called limericks. Read and enjoy these limericks and send us some, too. We shall publish them with your name underneath. Don't forget to put your age under your name.

TOO BADSKI!

A short-sighted Russian called Bakeski

One day made a dreadful mistakeski.

He thought a brown bear

(Fast asleep) was a chair.

He discovered his mistakeski too lateski!

A LION'S FARE!

A trainer of lions named Blair
Put his head in one's mouth for a dare.

But the lion, you see,

Was quite hungry, dear me!

And all that was left was Blair's hair.

VERY DISTURBAN!

There was a young chap of Hubban,

Who wore a remarkable turban.

Two rooks built a nest

On the top of its crest,

And he said, "It's a shame to disturb 'em!"

HA—HA—HA

Here are some school jokes for you. Send in your school jokes, too! Remember to put your name and age with the jokes.

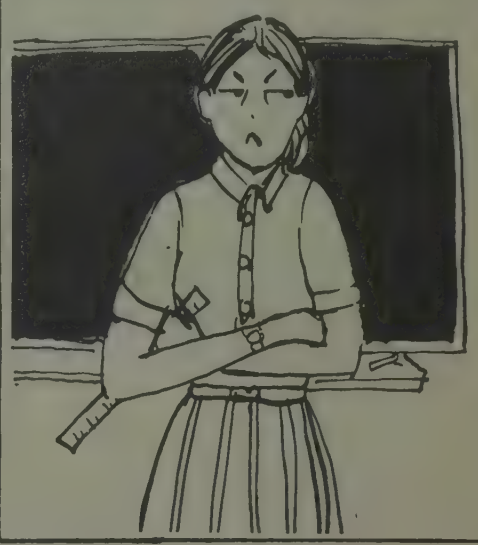
Teacher: We can eat the flesh of the whale. What do we do with the bones?

Pupil: Leave them on the side of the plate, Sir!

* * *

Teacher: What can a canary do that I can't?

Pupil: Have a bath in a saucer!



Teacher: Give me what's in your mouth, Anil.

Pupil: I wish I could, it's a toothache.

* * *

Teacher: What animal with one horn is very dangerous?

Pupil: A motor car, Sir.

* * *

Teacher: Which great men in history rose by their own efforts?

Pupil: Those with alarm clocks, Sir.

* * *

Teacher: This essay on "Our Dog" is exactly the same as your brother's.

Pupil: Yes, Sir, it's the same dog!

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

"I don't like school," said the little boy who had just come to Omphy Momphy's class.

"Why?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"There are so many children, and they all fight with me," said the boy.

"Why do they fight with you?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"I don't know," said the boy.

Omphy Momphy looked hard at the new boy. He was very small and had a button nose.

"What is your name?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"Kaka," said the boy.

"Just Kaka?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"Yes," said the boy.

"Do you know how to fight?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"No," said Kaka. "I cry when these boys hit me."

Omphy Momphy was very surprised. "What happens when you cry?" he asked with interest.

"They hit me more," said Kaka.

Omphy Momphy nodded his head. "Listen to me," he said. "Next time anyone hits you, don't cry. Just remember that."

"O.K.," said Kaka.

Omphy Momphy told his friends Mun Mun and Kum Kum about Kaka.

"Poor boy," said Kum Kum staring at Kaka, "we will be your friends."

The next day, during the lunch break, Kaka was walking towards

them, when a boy snatched his lunch box.

"Give me my lunch box," said Kaka.

"Here," said the boy and hit Kaka.

Kaka was about to start crying when he remembered what Omphy Momphy had said. He stopped his tears and stared at the boy.

"Give me my lunch box," he said again.

The boy hit him once more. Kaka refused to cry. He just blinked his eyes and looked at the boy.

"Here," said the boy in a fit of anger and threw Kaka's lunch box on the ground.

Kaka was surprised. He picked up his lunch box as the other boy walked off.

"Good," said Kum Kum as Kaka came towards them.

"I'm glad you didn't cry," said Omphy Momphy.

Kaka smiled. He felt very happy suddenly.

"Listen," said Mun Mun. "Next time that boy hits you, ask him what he wants. If he hits you again, you are free to hit him. That's fair."

"Yes," said Kum Kum, "once he gets hurt, he won't touch you again."

"But I will lose the fight," said Kaka. "He is bigger than me."

"We will help you," said Omphy Momphy.

A few days later when the same boy hit Kaka again, Kaka forgot to ask him what he wanted. He remembered what his friends had said and hit the boy back. It was not much of a hit, but the boy was so surprised that he fell.

"We are coming," shouted Omphy Momphy. "Teach the bully a lesson."

Kaka, with the thought that his friends were coming, fell on the bigger boy.

"Well done," said someone. Kaka got a hit in his face. He did not stop but hit the boy back. And then suddenly the fight was over. The boy ran away.

Kaka sat on the ground. "You all made him run off. Thanks," said Kaka.

"We?" asked Omphy Momphy. "You fought him all by yourself!"

Kaka was so surprised to hear this, that he began to laugh. "And I stopped being scared and hit him because I thought all of you were fighting him!"

And that was the last that anyone hit Kaka.

"I like school," said Kaka.

"So do we!" said Kum Kum, Mun Mun and Omphy Momphy together.

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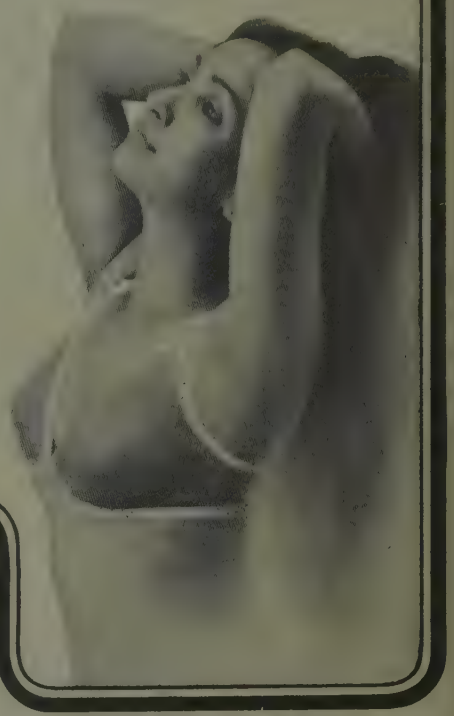

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TO BEGIN AGAIN

Continued from page 17

Andrea threw herself into housework and the children's activities — anything that would prevent her from dwelling on the steadily worsening situation that existed between her and Stuart. His moods were now totally unpredictable — she could never foresee how he would react to any statement or action of hers. At times it seemed that he was driven by some knowledge or secret of his own, one that he would share with no one. He no longer slept with her, but had asked Maggie to prepare the guest room, a room adjoining theirs, ostensibly so as not to disturb Andrea's rest. He tried to show an interest in the twins, but more and more he sought the solitude of his study.

The only times that he appeared to be at all relaxed were when he was visited by Cecile. These visits, as far as Andrea was concerned, were all too frequent. Ronald, needless to say, had not returned to White Birches since the night of the accident; unfortunately, through Cecile, he still managed to make his presence felt.

One evening after a hot mid-August day Cecile appeared again at White Birches. Andrea had just returned from having driven Heather and Bruce to Calgary where they were going to spend a few days with schoolmates. In the coolness of dusk, she was working in the garden when she saw the yellow Jaguar drive up to the front of the house. She went to meet Cecile, but could find nothing to say.

"Good evening, Andrea. It certainly is a beautiful day, isn't it? I thought I'd drop in to see Stuart. He does seem to need cheering up lately, doesn't he? I thought perhaps I'd take him for a drive, it would do him good to get away from this place."

But to her surprise, ten minutes later Cecile emerged from the front door alone. She walked stiffly to her car but then stopped, as though she had forgotten something. She turned, and approached the flowerbed where Andrea was working.

"Andrea dear, could I have a word with you?"

"What do you want, Cecile?" Andrea was tired and had no desire to talk with Cecile, nor did she attempt to hide this. And she was oddly frightened by Cecile's conciliatory tone.

"Look, I know how we feel about each other, but putting that aside, I think there are a few things you need to face — some cold, hard facts, if you want to call them that."

"Get to the point, Cecile," Andrea said impatiently.

"Well, dear, the point is this — why don't you give Stuart his freedom? You know how badly he wants it."

"No, Cecile, I don't know how badly he wants it. He..." She was cut off by Cecile's spiteful response.

"Don't be a blind fool, Andrea! That he regrets his marriage to you must be more than obvious. Why don't you face it and let him go?"

Her lips thinned, as the attempt at friendliness vanished. She continued ruthlessly, "Stuart and I...We'll be together, never fear...with or without a divorce. But things would be so much easier if you co-operated. You see, Andrea, he loves me, not you. It's I who satisfy his needs — all his needs. . ." She broke off, startled and a bit frightened by the anger on Andrea's pale face.

Andrea entered the house, the blinding pain in her heart driving her to Stuart. She burst into his study, interrupting what seemed to be a somewhat heated discussion between him and Clayton.

Stuart turned on her, his eyes hard and devastating.

"What do you want?" He did not give her a chance to reply. "I'm busy. I'll see you later. Now get out of here."

She whirled away from him, as if physically struck. In doing so, she slipped on one of the scatter rugs, lost her balance and fell against a chair, grazing her arm. Stuart reached out to her, but giving him no chance to help, she scrambled to her feet and ran sobbing from the room.

In her wild flight, she heard Clayton's voice, clear and distinct with anger. "You're a fool, Stuart Trent. Remember what I said to you a while ago? You're not the man I knew, and I don't think much of the one I see now." A door slammed.

About an hour later, Stuart quietly entered Andrea's bedroom, struggling with the cumbersome crutches as he closed the door behind him. He stood watching her for what seemed like an eternity. Then he moved over to where she lay on the bed, her brown eyes huge. He reached out and lifted her chin with a gentle hand. She jumped at his touch, unable to understand the play of emotions on his face.

"Please. . . don't. . ." she stammered. "I didn't hurt myself. I'm okay."

"I know you didn't hurt yourself, Andrea. I did the hurting."

Her heart was pounding. All she really wanted to do was throw herself into his arms, to lean against his strong, warm body, to be held and comforted, and loved by him. But she restrained herself, knowing that what he was feeling now was only guilt; he was sorry that he had caused her to fall, but he did not love her.

"Don't touch me! Just don't touch me! I can't. . . I can't. . ."

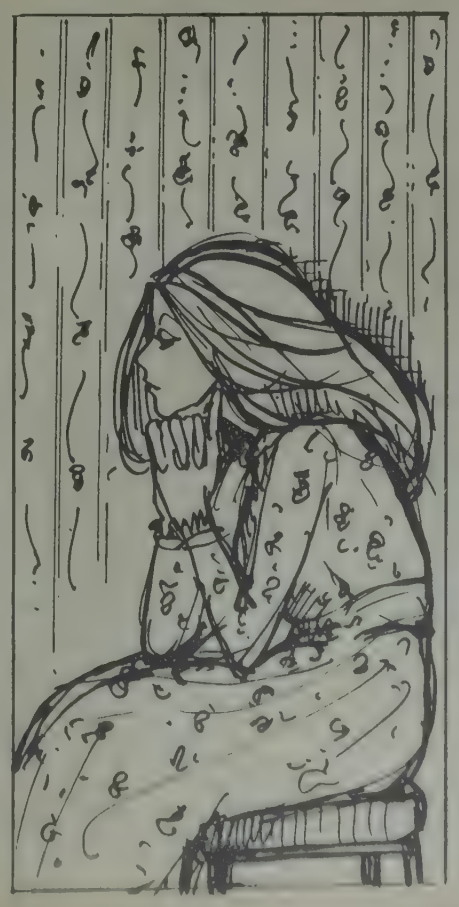
He flinched, his breathing heavy. "You can't what, Andrea? You can't stand my touch, that's what you're saying, isn't it?" His voice was husky and almost a groan. "Am I so repulsive to you, then? Clayton says. . . you're pregnant. Are you, Andrea?"

His words were softly spoken, the strained control not only evident in his voice, but in his eyes and in his whole body. He reached out for her, taking her hand in his. "Tell me," he whispered.

"No! I told him not to say anything! He promised he wouldn't say anything, that he wouldn't tell anyone — he promised. Oh, God, he said he wouldn't. . ."

The words were falling, tumbling from her. She tried to move away from Stuart, not really seeing him, but he stopped her sharply, his face pale and drawn.

"What are you saying, Andrea? What are you. . . you didn't want me to know. Why? Why?" He seized her, his hands holding her shoulders in a bruising grip.



Then he paused and stared at her, the grey of his eyes darkening to an indefinable depth of black. "The child, Andrea. . ." his voice choked, "Is it my child — or is it Ronald's?"

Then he slapped her, with a force that made the side of her face burn.

"You bitch! So you too prefer Ronald Martin. At least Barbara didn't go so far as to present me with the results of her liaison with him." He pulled her roughly to her feet, drawing her body to his. His fingers wound themselves in her flowing dark hair. "No wonder you didn't dare tell me. Does Ronald know yet?"

"Stop it!" she gasped. I can't take any more of this, please..."

"I asked you if you've told Ronald!" he demanded, his face ashen grey and unrelentingly hard.

"There's nothing to tell him. The child is yours, Stuart. Why can't you believe me? I'm telling you the truth, I swear it!"

"I'm sick of your deceitfulness, Andrea! I'm not a fool, whatever you might think. I know you're Ronald's mistress. Cecile told me. . ."

His words and their meaning exploded in her head. Her arm lashed out and she felt her stinging fingers and saw the red imprint of her hand on his face, a thin line of blood across his cheek where her ring had cut into his flesh.

He was dangerously close now, his eyes violent with an anger equal to her own fury. He reached for her, savagely drawing her to his hard body. "Let's have at least one more charade before we call it a day, my dear Andrea." Before she could flee, he lifted her and carried her to the bed.

She felt the passion and the desire rise in him, and guessed his intentions. But she did not have the physical strength to stop him; his mouth, rough and demanding, covered hers. She wrenched her lips free. "No. Stuart! Please, not like this. . . not like this. . ." Tears of shame and hurt glistened in her eyes and on her flushed cheeks.

Andrea found herself wishing desperately that this sharing between them, which was now an act of hatred, could be one of mutual love. But there was no gentleness, no tenderness in Stuart.

Hours later, after they had lain together in the darkness, not touching or speaking, Stuart got up and left her. Before she finally fell asleep, Andrea made a de-

Continued on page 45

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Mithun Chakravorty: THE POOR MAN'S BACHCHAN?

Jyothi Venkatesh

Right now, if Amitabh Bachchan is hailed as the super star in the multi-star-oriented films industry, Mithun Chakravorty doesn't lag far behind. He is known as the poor man's Amitabh Bachchan, a sort of super star in mini-starrers. He is the first choice of small-budget filmmakers.

Mithun, unlike other stars who attain stardom overnight, doesn't show off. He continues to be a middle-class man and stays as a paying guest in just one room, though he is no longer a bachelor. In fact, rumour has it that he and his wife Helena are heading for a divorce, though Mithun continues to dismiss such reports as baseless. "The day I can afford to move into my own apartment, I will. Till then I'll continue to stay in rented accommodation rather than with my in-laws," he says.

What Mithun needs today to consolidate his position in filmland is a solid hit. Unfortunately for Mithun, his very first film as leading man, "Mrigayaa", didn't click at the box-office, though critics raved over his performance and the West Bengal government gave him the Best Actor award. Mithun even bagged the National Award for the Best Actor.

Mithun feels that it is luck which is needed and not talent to click in films. "Talent is only secondary in films. Luck is primary. Take, for example, Amitabh Bachchan. Though he clicked in 'Anand', five films of his flopped at the box-office. Once he was even thrown out of a film after six reels were canned, and replaced by a lesser actor. Look at him today. To click in films, one's talent should be supplemented by one's luck."

Mithun's latest trump-card is the leading role he has bagged in the Hindi version of the sex-laden Malayalam super hit, 'Hey Nights'. He has been cast opposite Shoma Anand. Who knows, if the films clicks, his days of struggle may be a thing of the past.

If Mithun has taken two steps backwards in his career, it is Sarika who is to be blamed, because in the wake of the Mithun-Sarika split, as many as a dozen films of his with Sarika were shelved by the producers and Mithun was replaced in some by other leading men.

His luck has not been equal to his talent. But now the tide is turning

Mithun isn't a hypocrite. He does not mind calling a spade a spade. "I haven't entered the industry in order to change its course. Though I would love to portray negative roles and prove my worth as an artiste, I am scared to accept such roles because the masses tend to type you and saddle you with a certain image. The star system can vanish only if all the stars agree to take on different roles, like in Hollywood."

With "Bhayanak", which is on the floors currently with Mithun and Ranjeeta in the lead, Mithun has turned a writer too. Not only the story idea, but also the script is Mithun's. It is his ambition to launch out as a director.

Unfortunately, the big heroines refuse to be teamed up with Mithun, because according to the distributors the 'set-up' will not be saleable then. Today the only big heroine who is working with Mithun is Rekha. And the film is "Mashaal", which he hopes will prove to be a turning point in his career.

It is only K.A. Abbas who has ventured to cash in on Mithun's notorious background as a 'Wanted' Naxalite. He has cast him in the title role in his "Naxalites" with Smita Patil opposite him. Whether the film as well as Mithun will click remains to be seen.

Mithun, like every other star-aspirant, asserts that he is against type-casting. "I do not wish to be saddled with the image of a rebel. Once you reach the top an image may prove to be beneficial because it helps the audience to identify themselves with it. Till then I am determined to play various types of roles."

And that is exactly what Mithun is doing at the moment. While in the late M.M.A. Chinnappa Devar's "Mera Rakshak" he gladly pitted himself in the lead with the he-goat Ramu, in the Basu Chatterji directed "Prem Vivah", he is playing a serious romantic role opposite Bindiya. In "Wohi Baat" he plays the other man in the life of Parikshat Sahni and Shabana Azmi.

Marriage has certainly mellowed Mithun. No longer is he the irresponsible fellow one used to encounter during his wild days as an eligible bachelor on the run, when he used to rush after the day's shooting to the Sheraton to have his date with his once-upon-a-time girl friend Kalpana Iyer, who was a hostess there.

Mithun isn't choosy about his assignments. He doesn't mind making hay when the sun shines because, according to him, he is being beseiged only with meaty roles and hence he finds it quite tough to pick and choose.

Few are aware of the fact that Mithun has passed out of the FTII as 'Rana Rez'. It was as Rana Rez that he made the rounds of the offices of film producers seeking his break after he graduated from the institute, till Mrinal Sen offered him his award-winning break in "Mrigayaa".

And during those days of struggle, Mithun had to accept inane roles in films like "Do Anjaane", "Paapi Devta", "Mukti" in order to make a living. Though today the tide has turned in his favour, Mithun is still groping his way. For super stardom.

Photograph : Haresh Daftary

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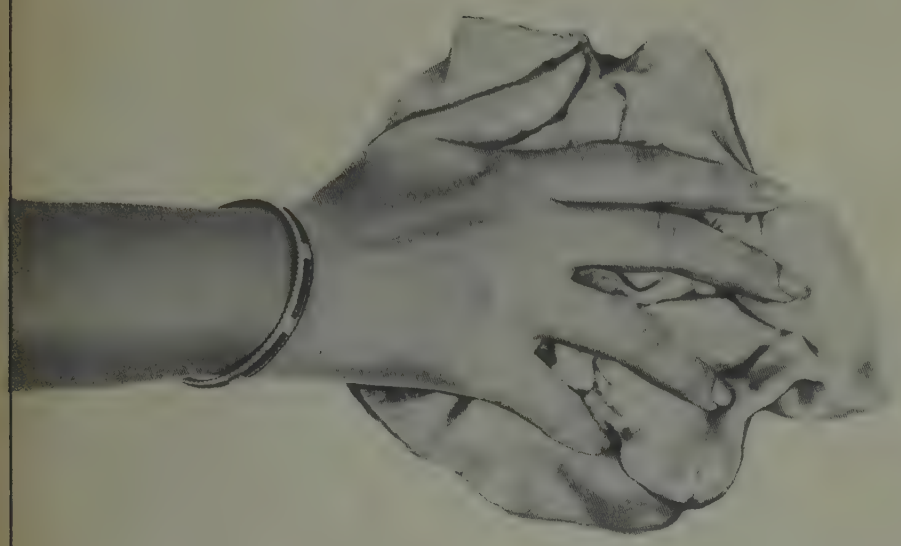

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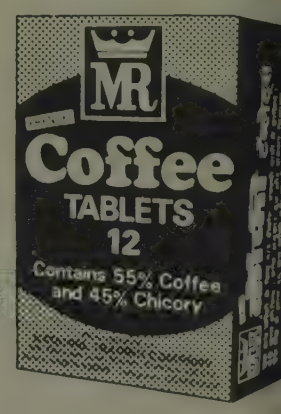

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TO BEGIN AGAIN

Continued from page 41

cision that would change the course of her life.

★

Ten days had passed since she left White Birches. And now, shaded by a silver maple from the afternoon rays of the August sun, Andrea sat in the garden of Cynthia's stately home in Halifax. She saw the flight clearly, as in a flashback.

"I've run away from Stuart, Cynthia."

"You've left him? What foolishness is this? Come in, come in. And do stop crying, girl."

Her aunt led her into a large, high-ceilinged living room, not at all as gloomy and foreboding as Andrea had remembered. And Cynthia's acerbic lack of sympathy was the best thing for her.

"Now, child, what on earth is going on? Tell me everything from the beginning."

Andrea began to explain, hesitantly at first, but later finding relief in talking to someone, she spoke more freely.

"I'm going to phone him and tell him to get down here and fetch you home where you belong. It's time you both faced the truth," said Cynthia.

Horrified, Andrea expostulated, "No! You can't, I won't let you. If you call him, I'll leave. I won't live with Stuart knowing that he doesn't love or want me. I can't live like that anymore! Promise me that you won't call him."

Reluctantly, Cynthia agreed.

The next day Andrea was deeply relieved that she had extracted this promise from her aunt. They had just finished dinner and had taken their coffee into the living room when the telephone shrilled. Intuitively Andrea knew it was Stuart. . . looking for her, determined that she should live with him, no matter what their differences. She paled. But her voice was resolute when she said, "If that's Stuart, I'm not here and you haven't seen me or heard from me. You promised, Cynthia. Please don't let me down."

"Yes, I did promise, more fool me," her aunt replied grimly. She picked up the phone. "Hello? Why, hello, Stuart, how are you? . . Andrea? No, I've not seen her. . . Oh, dear, where else could she have gone?. . . Certainly, if I hear from her, I'll let you know. How are the twins?. . . I see. Please, Stuart, let me know when you locate Andrea, won't you? Yes, all right. Goodbye."

One morning, days later, Cynthia announced unceremoniously, "My Cousin Martha wants me to go to New York for a couple of days. You'll be all right on your own, won't you, Andrea?"

"Yes, of course," Andrea said reluctantly, adding with sincere warmth, "But I'll miss you."

So now Andrea was truly alone. She was leaning against a tree, watching two squirrels romp with animal agility on the grass, when she sensed a faint, almost imperceptible movement behind her. She turned. As though her thoughts had conjured him up, Stuart was standing there, his long body dappled with sun and shadow, his eyes intent upon her.

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The world whirled. Without thinking or speaking she began to move away from him, her body tensing noticeably. He held out his hand to her, his voice softly pleading.

"Don't run away from me, Andrea. Please. We need to talk."

She heard herself ask in a husky whisper, "How did you find me? Who told you where I was?"

"Cynthia came to see me yesterday. She. . ."

"But that's impossible! She's been in New York for the last two days."

"That's what she wanted you to believe. Cynthia knew you would never agree to her seeing me, and that you'd run away if you were aware of her intentions. But that's of no consequence now. The important thing is that I'm here. . . that I've found you at last."

"You looked for me?" Her voice was tight and controlled, giving nothing away.

"Yes, I did look for you, Andrea. Do you think you're of so little consequence to me that I wouldn't? At first I thought you might have wandered off to the ranch. I searched everywhere. I even went to the Martins to see if you'd gone there. I know, Andrea, I know now that there was no reason for you to go there — no reason at all." His voice revealed a terrible sadness. "Oh, Andrea, we victimised each other, and we let others, outside of us, create problems for us as well."

"You mean Ronald and Cecile?" It was half question and half statement.

"Yes, I mean Ronald and Cecile." His voice hardened. "Their interference and plotting very nearly destroyed us," he admitted, a tight sigh escaping, "but only because I was fool enough to allow it. If it wasn't for Cynthia coming to White Birches. . ."

"Stuart, I. . ."

"No, don't stop me, Andrea. I must say it all, then maybe we can be finished with it. Cecile wanted to marry me, that was no secret to anyone. But, Andrea, I would never have married her — never. I don't love her — I've never loved her. There was nothing between us. Only in her own mind did the kind of relationship she described to you exist."

Longing to express her joy at his words, yet still afraid that it was all too good to be true, Andrea murmured, "I don't understand what Cynthia had to do with all this."

He grinned, looking years younger. "Cynthia can be a very formidable and persuasive lady, Andrea. As you know already, she didn't go to New York, she came West. Before coming to me at White Birches, she invaded the Martins' house — and it was an invasion! I guess the argument she had with Cecile and Ronald was something to see — and hear. Anyway, Ronald finally admitted to her that it was he who had made the advances, while you had done nothing but try to avoid him; you must really have hurt his pride. Cecile would admit nothing at first, but later indicated that she had lied to me and to you in the confrontation she had with you the day before you. . . left White Birches. All that talk of divorce was totally untrue."

Incredulous happiness flooded her entire being. "I love you Stuart. I love you so much," she said, her voice shaking with emotion.

"Can you ever forgive me for the way that I've hurt you, little one?"

She held him tightly. "Oh, Stuart, I need your forgiveness just as much. I've been so stupid and I've hurt you, too. There are things I should have told you, from the start, but I didn't know how. Can you forgive me?"

"I think the time has come for us to begin again, my love," he whispered softly.

Concluded

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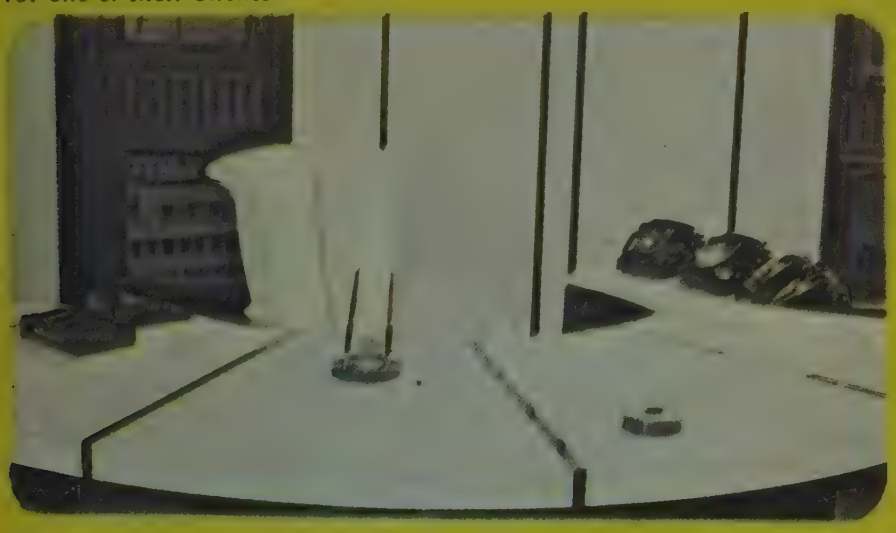

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USES AND ABUSES OF DRUGS

MEDICAL TREATMENT IS NOT MERELY SWALLOWING DRUGS. IT REQUIRES THE GREATEST CARE AND CONSIDERATION FROM BOTH PATIENT AND DOCTOR. A LAPSE COULD PROVE FATAL

For centuries physicians have used all kinds of chemicals, plant extracts, roots and herbs to control diseases, but the tremendous progress made in drug therapy in the last few decades has revolutionized modern medical practice. Every other day, more potent drugs are being discovered, so that even doctors find it difficult to keep pace and know about the various drugs and their uses.

These drugs can save lives, but can also become dangerous poisons if abused. Therefore, we should know their uses as well as their limitations.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN DRUGS: Galen's (the Greek court doctor to Emperor Marcus Aureleus) view that "nature does nothing in vain" brought order into the healing arts, not the least in respect of the natural organic substances that were the earliest drugs. Louis Pasteur proved that diseases were caused by micro-organisms which accelerated research and led to the discovery of new drugs. But there are several deficiency diseases, degenerative diseases, cancer, mal-functioning of the glands, etc. which need a different approach, a different kind of therapy.

WHAT IS A DRUG: A wholesome definition has been provided by the World Health Organisation — "any substance or product that is used or intended to be used to modify or explore a physiological system or pathological state for the benefit of the recipient." The science of drugs, PHARMACOLOGY, is built on both chemistry and biology.

ARE DRUGS ALONE SUFFICIENT?: Generally people take drugs and wait to be cured, but they forget that for the drugs to react there should be a proper environment. In drug therapy three elements are involved — the clinician, the patient and the drug. The first two, the doctor and the patient, are so variable that if due consideration is not given to them, the final outcome may not be the predicted effect of the drug.

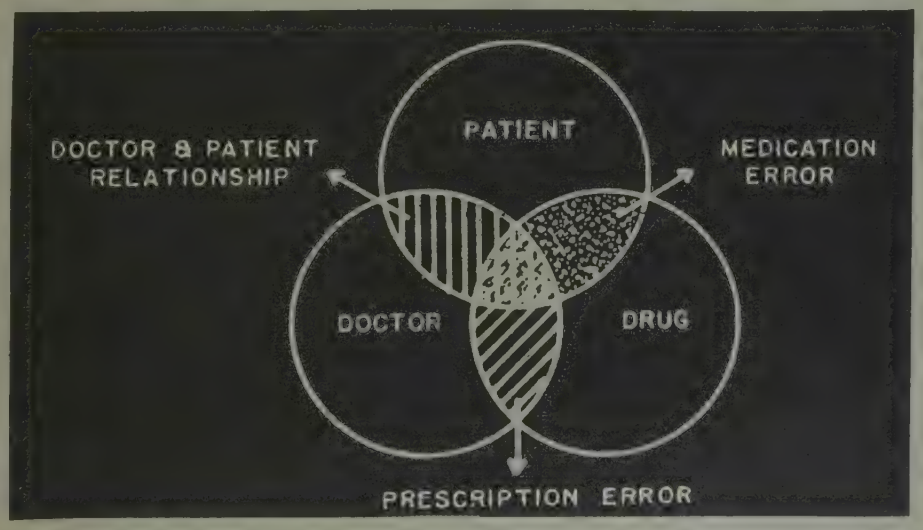
The very approach of the doctor can change the outcome considerably. The patient's attitude towards the doctor and the disease can also alter the result. Therefore, the success of drug treatment depends on a variety of factors besides the action of the drug itself. One can say that each act of a treatment is a complicated experiment, worthy of rigorous logic, customarily applied to diagnostic or laboratory activities.

THE DRUG FLOOD: Because of the easy availability of drugs, most diseases can now be easily controlled. Drugs have become a part of our day to day life. It is no exaggeration to say that 50 per cent of the drugs now available did not exist a few decades ago.

WHERE DRUGS ARE BLESSINGS: Modern drugs have definitely helped us in eliminating certain diseases, while reducing morbidity and mortality in others. Tuberculosis, diphtheria, tetanus and malaria are now under control.

WHY DISEASES FLARE UP AGAIN: There are quite a few diseases where infection can recur. When the patient becomes complacent, stops treatment once he gets relief, or is only partially cured, gonorrhoea, syphilis and other infections will come back.

Sometimes, the organisms develop resistance to the existing drugs. Organisms can develop new strains and may require newer drugs. These are some of the problems which we are facing in the treatment of some of the common conditions like malaria. There are several conditions where the symptoms disappear with the initial treatment, but to group them out, prolonged treatment is necessary. Often, as there are no observable symptoms, patients discontinue the treatment. In such cases, recurrence is the logical outcome.



The ultimate effect of a drug depends upon the interaction of patient, doctor and medicine.

LEFT: Abuse of drugs may result in malformations in a baby. Here is a baby without arms and feet due to the abuse of thalidomide compound for sleeping action.

ARE DRUGS 100 PER CENT SAFE?: Supposing the patient takes a drug under prescription and follows the instructions of the doctor, then the question arises — is it 100 per cent safe? This is rather a tricky question to answer. Whenever a drug is given, a certain risk factor is taken into consideration. Usually, it is so small that second thoughts are hardly necessary, but sometimes the risk may be substantial, more so if the patient is allergic to the drug. The patient's protection lies in the doctor's knowledge of the drug and the patient.

By now, everybody knows that in typhoid fever, chloramphenicol is a miracle drug. We doctors call it an absolute indication for the use of this drug in this disease, but we also know that it has its own side effects which can be dangerous at times, but we have to take the risk. This drug is also used for conditions which may be minor, and this can be dangerous.

HOW DO DRUGS ACT: The emphasis on drug treatment has greatly changed in the past 20 to 30 years with the availability of new drugs. We have prophlaxis on one side, and therapy on the other, while there are drugs meant for the rehabilitation of the patient. For example, after a heart attack, the patient is required to take drugs regularly to keep himself fit. The primary thing is to diagnose the disease correctly and give the drugs in proper doses as indicated. In simple words, I would say a drug is a pharmacological coin whose one side is inscribed "effect of the drug on the body" and the other "effect of the body on the drug" and the final result depends on these interactions.

THE MAIN DRUGS: The greatest blessings have been brought to the ailing humanity by antibiotics, drugs for worms and amoebiosis, for diabetes, for hypertension, for heart diseases, family planning, vaccines, etc. In proper doses, these drugs have saved millions of lives, and reduced morbidity in others. With the help of these drugs, surgeons have become more adventurous, and can achieve wonderful results. Anaesthesia can now safely be given for hours for prolonged surgeries. Similarly, chronic diseases like asthma and arthritis can now be kept under control. Epidemics which previously ravaged a country can be checked. Modern drugs used in psychiatry have made it possible to take the patient out of the asylum and make him fit enough to live in society.

Some drugs can be consumed by people without prescriptions, such as multi-vitamin tablets, tonics and analgesics.

MISUSE OF DRUGS: The main hazard of drugs is their abuse. One of the major problems is the non-medical use of drugs — for pleasure-seeking experience, what is commonly known as drug addiction.

People in virtually every society throughout the world, at

Continued on page 51

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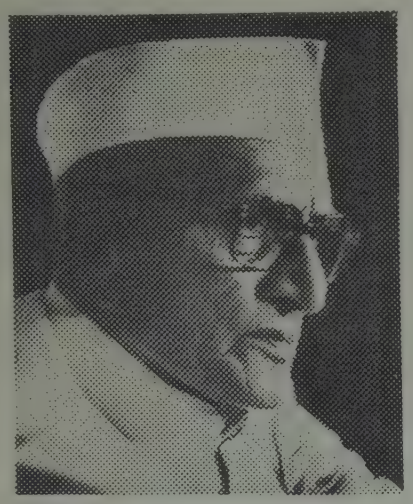

PRIME MINISTER

सत्यमेव जयते

MESSAGE

Although every child has a right to expect proper care and attention from his parents by way of food, clothing, education and health, millions of our children are left to grow on their own without the benefit of parental care and attention.

No parents would want to neglect their children. But when there are many children to look after, parents just find themselves unable to provide them with even the bare necessities of life. The children suffer. The parents suffer. The nation suffers.

Therefore the growth of population has to be controlled in order that a perceptible share of the fruits of development becomes available to the people.

Family Planning thus acquires the most urgent priority. We have to approach every family particularly those in our villages and persuade it to adopt measures of birth control which we devised for their welfare. It is for us in Government, and in voluntary agencies to launch a movement to convince people about the continuous need for family planning.

I hope the National Family Welfare Fortnight which is being observed in the second half of October will help in carrying the message of family planning to the remotest villages to accelerate the pace of progress of the National Welfare Programme. I send my best wishes on this occasion and appeal to all sections of our society to help in this national endeavour.

New Delhi
August 24, 1978

Morarji Desai

davp 78/245

madam im adam

For some odd reason, honey, a book title popped into my head the other day. I don't know who wrote it because I haven't read the book. But the title was "Games People Play". This triggered off an idea like a switch triggers off a light. Because, in our family, we play a lot of games, and I don't mean the ones where you chase golf balls for miles, or jump over nets to shake hands.

Lemme tell you what "games" I mean. . .

* * *

When I'm sitting in the john, someone is sure to pound on the door and sing out, "Who's in?" That's the name of one game, see?

My daughter has a game that would wrinkle a prune. It's played at mealtime and it's called "Please pass the salt." The way she eats the stuff, peanuts look at her with envy.

My Aunt Esmeralda has a game she never ceases to play with me. It's called "Cut down on your drinking." All she drinks is weak tea and mushroom soup. Maybe someday, the mushrooms will be poisoned.

* * *

Kenneth Carl goes out regularly and eats stacks of snacks with his friends. His game is called, "Pop, please toss me a tenner." When he gets to middle age he'll have to cut down on his snacks or look for his feet in a mirror.

My cousin Ernest has a game as unvarying as the snow on the Alps. Whenever he sees me he says, "How's about a loan, pal?" I have an answer to that one. "Sure," I say, "arsenic or nitroglycerine?"

Phyllis came up with a new one the other day, although the topic was familiar. She trotted it out in rhyme. She said, "The rises in prices are causing a crisis."

* *

My boss, who is kinder than a lion devouring a lamb, has one too. He ends with a question mark. "Goddam it, what the hell am I paying you for?" I could tell him. He's paying me so he can talk to me like that.

My secretary, Jean, plays several with me. She'll say, "Leave the cork in the bottle while you have your lunch." Or when the Old Man is mad at me, she'll say, "Climb into your suit of armour — the spears are sure to fly." But without her, honey, I'd be as helpless as a cripple without a crutch.

* * *

When we're entertaining, my favourite game is "Let's bring out the bottle." When requesting a friend on the phone to bring in a supply, it varies a little but goes like this, "Don't forget the hock, Jock," or maybe "Don't forget the dram, Sam."

When answering the phone in the social hours, I announce myself in my own inimitable way. "This is Tarzan — you've got me up a tree." Or, "This is Bernard Shaw — my beard's on fire." Or, "This is Arthur Hailey — I'm on my way to the airport."

Friends of mine have caught on and sometimes beat me to the punch. Samples: "This is Joan of Arc — how would you like your stake?" Another: "This is Appendix, Doc — would you like to take me out?"

* * *

You wouldn't believe me, but every family plays its own favourite games. Look into your own life and you'll be surprised at the script. A vicious mother-in-law of a friend of mine always says to her daughter, "You shouldn't have married that tramp — you should have let him die in a ditch." When my pal, Pete, goes to a concert that turns out bad, the name of his game is, "They should have jumped out of the plane that brought them — **without** parachutes."

Perhaps the worst games I've heard about are the ones played by recent mothers. Just two. "Ooooo, my little lambie pie." And, "Ooooo, chee-coo-chee-coo." Cross my heart, mothers actually say things like that.

But to end, lemme aim one at you — "Madam I'm Adam — how's about tempting me with a nice, big apple?"

G'bye now!

Adam

Devi

". . . Rajesh Khanna is replacing Vinod Khanna in 'Ek Do Teen Char'" was the news from the Naren Bedi camp.

"Never, he was going to replace him, but Chintu put his foot down," came the news from the Bhatija Mamaji camp.

I discarded both these rumours in favour of a rumour from the Shashi Kapoor camp that Shashi is going to replace Vinod in "Ek Do Teen Chaar". Shashi accepts just anything, whether it is a one-song role or a discarded role. Rajesh looks a difficult proposition for bit roles and replacements. But the silliest rumour is from the Bhatija camp. That Chintu put his foot down.

Chintu should thank his stars that he has a toe in "Ek Do Teen Chaar". He is in no position to 'put in' or 'get out'

"EK DO TEEN..." MUSICAL CHAIRS

anyone. Not that Chintu is not an operator, but he is just not powerful, rather popular, enough to set any terms.

Talking of Vinod Khanna, wife Geetli has etched an almost immortal montage in my mind. Last week, one evening I was lying dazed, almost unconscious in a taxi. The taxi was waiting for the green light at the Marine Drive junction when a car came from behind and banged into it. While a mob watched and the police insisted on going to the hospital, and the roadside goondas eyed my suitcase and handbag, appeared Geetli. She bypassed the police, the mobs, picked up my belongings and put me in her car. "Come, I will take you to Northcote Nursing home for a check up." "Just take me to Taj, to Ruksana," I told Geetli. She carried my luggage, to Ruksana and insisted on waiting till the doctor arrived. It was only after we coaxed her that Geetli left, since she was on her way to the evening mass in church.

Geetli had got down from her car to help a woman in distress. It took her a couple of minutes to realise that the dazed lump in white to whose rescue she ran was the bitchy Devi

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USES AND ABUSES OF DRUGS

Continued from page 47

every stage of civilization have chewed, smoked, eaten or drunk a wide variety of substances — usually developed from plants — to alter their sense of reality, to get a 'kick'. Sometimes, this kind of use of such chemicals was part of religious rites. Their abuse, however, results in damage to health and the ability to function. There is a high incidence of such abuse amongst teenagers and young adults all over the world.

Even a right drug can be used wrongly. This includes overdose and underdose of the indicated drug. Both may prove harmful. It is also a misuse when a drug is used where none is necessary. Selecting a less effective drug in place of a safe and cheap but equally effective drug also constitutes a misuse. At times, the misused drug may not be harmful by itself, but since it does not provide any protection, the disease it is intended to cure can worsen at an alarming rate. The social and economical aspects of prescribing drugs are equally important. Doctors are responsible not only for medical advice, but also for the economic aspect of the treatment. They should not prescribe unduly costly drugs.

OVER-PRESCRIBING: In an over-enthusiastic approach to cure the disease early, a cocktail of drugs, called polytherapy, is prescribed. Drugs are often used as a short cut to diagnosis. Several drugs are added simultaneously in the hope that something will work. To this polytherapy, often multi-vitamins, iron, B complex and vitamin C are added to swell the cost. At times, injections of drugs like calcium gluconate are given which produce a sensation of warmth to give satisfaction to the patient. Prolonged treatment without proper indication is also harmful.

UNDER-PRESCRIBING: To get the desired result from a drug, adequate doses are necessary. Anything less than that will produce a false sense of security. Sometimes, under-prescribing results from lack of knowledge on the part of the doctors, and the fear of side effects. This is particularly true of antibiotics. Under-prescribing also occurs unconsciously when drug combinations are prescribed. The fixed dose combination of these drugs has a small amount of each drug, which is not very effective. Therefore, if one has to use combinations, they should be used in full therapeutic doses. One must also have knowledge of the action of the drugs, as combinations can work against each other. Drugs can have antagonistic actions as well as synergistic (enhancing the effect of the other drug) actions.

Often, potent and new drugs are prescribed for trivial illnesses that do not need medication. In the last few years, a large number of new drugs have been introduced and if the doctor has not kept up with the advances and prescribes a new drug without knowing much about it he is likely to misuse it. This, of course, is unintentional misuse.

SPECIFIC DRUGS: ANTIBIOTICS: These are most commonly and casually prescribed and are highly misused. They can be life-saving drugs but their unnecessary use may lead to problems like allergy, sensitisation, gastro-intestinal upset, etc. — for example, using penicillin-streptomycin combination for common colds, sulpha-penicillin lozenges for simple sore throat, tetracyclin for mild fevers. If multiple antibiotics are used they may antagonise each others' actions. Prophylactic use of antibiotics can lead to sensitisation and resistance problems.

STEROIDS: Cortico steroids are excellent life-saving drugs in certain situations, but they have severe side effects and should be used very carefully. Unfortunately, they are very indiscriminately used most of the time, as in arthritis and asthma. The initial results are remarkable, but in abuse, serious side effects, such as gastric haemorrhage, cardiac failure, moon face, etc., can occur. These drugs should be reserved for occasions when other drugs have failed, or in an emergency. Prescribing them freely as the first drug of choice can only be termed as abuse.

Often, we hear of some indigenous drugs as wonder drugs, specially for use in asthma and viral hepatitis. On analysis we often find that steroids have been added to these drugs. The patient naturally feels immediate relief. In the long run, the patient pays the penalty for this unauthorised addition of steroids.

ANALGESICS: These drugs can produce gastric haemorrhage. Their prolonged use without properly consulting the doctor may lead to such complications. Therefore, self-medication with analgesics, and taking them on an empty stomach to get quick relief from pain is not advisable.

TRANQUILLIZERS: These also are very useful drugs if prescribed correctly, but giving these drugs for minor worries and stress is definitely a misuse. These drugs are habit forming. Often, the patient wants a tranquillizer to face even the simple problems of life.

There is a tremendous misuse of these drugs, and people take them on their own. This self-medication should be avoided. Similarly, sleeping pills are very addictive. Easy availability of sleeping pills has been one of the causes of its abuse, even to the extent of suicide.

MULTI-VITAMINS AND TONICS: These tonics, vitamins and iron tablets look extremely harmless, and therefore are abused most frequently. Unfortunately, these drugs are finding more space in advertisement columns. True, whenever indicated, they should be taken. It is unfortunate that these drugs have been projected in such a way that people consider it essential to consume them daily for vitality and vigour, but it amounts to taking them at one end, and passing them out at the other if they are in excess of what the body needs.

WHAT TO DO, WHAT NOT TO DO: Self-administration, using drugs on the advice of friends and relatives, overdosing to get quick relief, cutting short the duration of therapy once the symptoms disappear, combining the drugs with home remedies, not divulging the previous therapy taken to the doctor, etc., constitute misuse of drugs. Please avoid them. The patient's duty towards the doctor is not only to describe the symptoms, but also to indicate clearly all the drugs he has been taking. If you have ever had a bad reaction with a drug, you must tell your doctor. The patient should follow the doctor's instructions properly and should report if any new symptoms develop. Unused portions of medicines should be destroyed. Drugs should never be left within the reach of children. Take correct doses and do not trust your memory while taking medicines. Do not try to guess your disease and select your own medicine. It is dangerous to share medicine with someone else and take drugs from someone else's prescription.

Care should be taken about the labels on the containers of drugs. Do not switch labels, and see that they remain on the bottles until the medicines are fully used or destroyed. If you move to another city, keep your medication record.

Finally, beware of quacks.

Reactions from drugs.

Allergic reactions on skin from a drug.

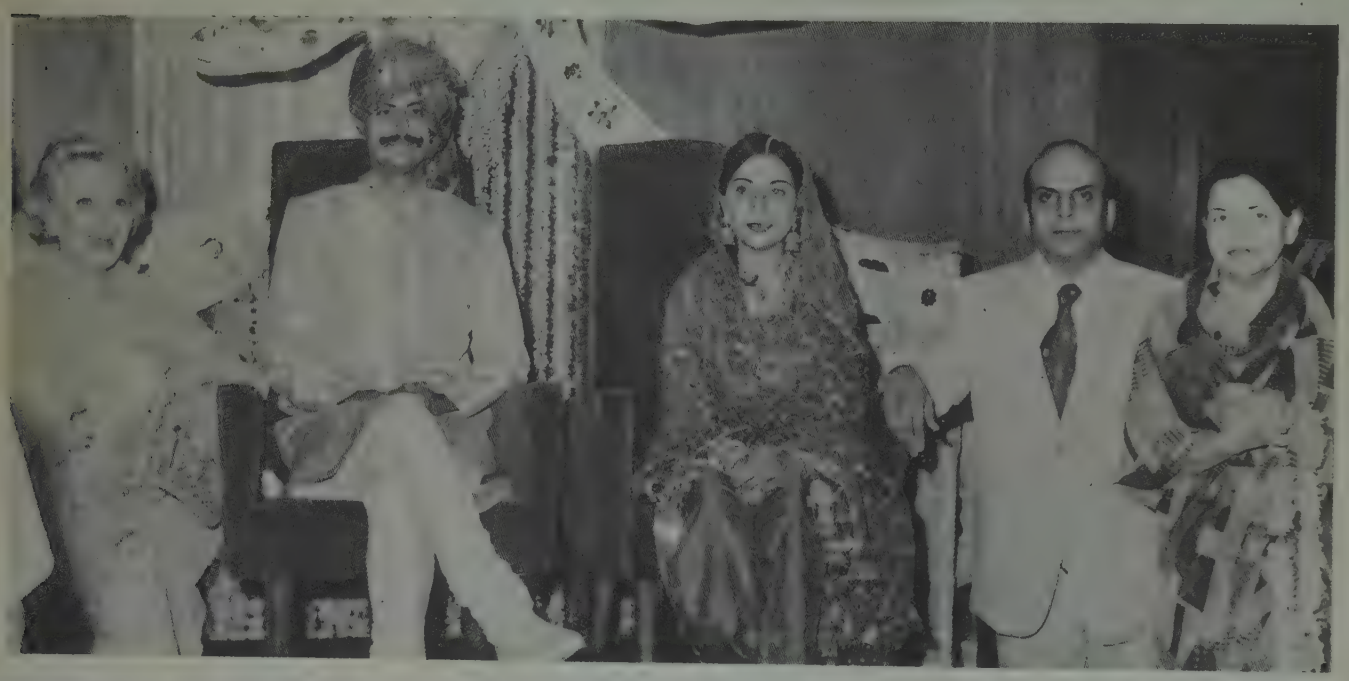
people and events

At a party hosted by film financier Mr. G.R. Rajani are from left Mr. B. M. Karve, vice-president, Taj Mahal Hotel, Miss Gita Rajani, Mr. S.K. Wankhede, Mr. Ghansham H. H., film distributor, Mr. G. R. Rajani and Miss Padmini, filmstar from Madras.

The Consul General for the State of Qatar, Mr. Abdullah Yousif Al-Hussaini and Mrs. Hussaini, celebrated the Qatar National Day in Bombay. Seen on the occasion are, from left, Mrs. H. Schoettle, Consul General for the Federal Republic of Germany, Mr. H.H. Ismail, Consul General for the Dominican Republic, Mrs. E. Young, wife of the Deputy High Commissioner of U.K., Mr. Al-Hussaini, Dr. M. Ishaq Jamkhanwalla, Maharashtra's Minister of State for Finance and Protocol and Mrs. Al-Hussaini.

RIGHT: Mrs. Martha and Mr. Luciano D'Cunha, teachers of Ballroom Dancing (1st and 3rd from left, 3rd row) seen with their pupils and Mr. Sam Aaron (centre, 3rd row), Indian representative of the Federal Association of Teachers of Dancing, Australia.

BELOW: Mrs. Myra Waldo (ext. left) member of the the Board of Directors, Society for American Travel Writers (SATW), Mr. C.B. Jain, director general of Tourism and Mrs. Jain (ext. right) seen with members of the fashion show held for the SATW in Delhi.



Mr. P. K. Vasudevan Nair, Minister for Industries, Kerala, inaugurates the Muslim Charkha Centre started at Alleppey by the Muslim Education Society (MES). Mrs. Fatima Gaffoor, President, All-India MES, Ladies Wing, and Mrs. Qumarunnisa Anwar, president, Kerala State MES, Ladies Wing, are also seen.

Past president of the Inner Wheel Club of Ludhiana Raksha Nayyar presses the starter of the tubewell for the colony of leprosy patients while Mrs. Dya Bindra, the new president (to her right), and other members look on.

Seen at the Swapna Sundari Contest held recently in Hyderabad, by Doyens International and APCO Fabrics, in aid of their service activities, are from left Fiona Gomes and Kashmira Bathena, 2nd and 1st runners-up respectively, winner Deenaz Parakh and Mr. Madan Mohan, Andhra Pradesh Minister for Health.

bombay

The President of A.I.W.C. Bombay, Mrs. Sushila Munshi, presented a cheque for Rs. 500 for the victims of railway accidents, to the Chief Minister of Maharashtra, Mr. Sharad Pawar.

Honorary Secretary Dr. Mrs. Gunavati Vaidya handed him a letter, requesting him to take adequate measures to post armed guards for the security of women in I and II class ladies' compartments of the Western and Central Railway suburban trains.

* * *

J. L. Morison Son & Jones (India) Ltd. makers of Nivea Cream, plan to hold a travelling glittering fashion show 'Yesterday-Today- Tomorrow', choerographed and organised by Fashion-India. Participants will include big textile names.

Local beauties from five cities will participate. The winners will contest for the choice of the Nivea Beauty Queen in Bombay.

The show will start at Bangalore on November 5.

* * *

The Quota Club of Bombay is part of an international service organisation of executive professional and business women, who pledged themselves on September 6, 1976 to serve the community. The motto of Quota International is "We Share."

The Club celebrated its birthday this year in a unique manner by trying to bring happiness into the lives of about 250 children in a slum area at Gwalior Tank, by distributing biscuits, sweets, pencils and chalks to them.

* * *

An exhibition of 92 photographs of wildlife in India and East Africa by S. Nagaraj of Bangalore, was held at the Jehangir Art Gallery.

Mrs. Zehra Ali Yavar Jung inaugurated the exhibition which was jointly sponsored by the Tata Oil Mills Co. Ltd., where Mr. Nagaraj works, and the World Wildlife Fund-India.

Nagaraj's consistently brilliant studies of wildlife earned him the distinction of Artiste FIAP from the Federation Internationale de L'Art Photographique 1976 and in the same year the Associateship of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain (ARPS) was conferred on him — both for Nature Photography.

* * *

The Keraleeya Mahila Samaj recently presented an entertainment programme to celebrate Onam, at the Ravindra Natya Mandir in which the members and their children participated.

Besides the traditional welcome dance Thalappoli, there were items of Kaikottikali, a children's ballet, a qawalli in Malyalam, and Rajasthani folk dances.

The highlight of the evening was an all-woman play "Bhiksham Dehi".

Earlier, Mrs. Sarah Samuel, President of the Samaj, welcomed the gathering.

* * *

The Federal Association of Teachers Of Dancing, Australia, held a special session of Practical Amateur Medal Tests in Ballroom and Latin American Dancing, for the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Luciano D'Cunha, at the Grand Hotel. Mr. Sam Aaron, who is representing the FATD in India, examined the candidates, all of whom were declared successful and awarded certificates and medals. Martha and Luciano D'Cunha maintain the tradition of preparing their pupils for the above tests held quarterly, thus upholding the proficiency of Ballroom and Latin American Dancing in India.

delhi

The Rajasthan Club of Delhi organised a 'Fancy Dress' and mehndi competition at the Maurya hotel. The panel of judges consisted of Vice-President Mr. B. D. Jatti, Dilip Kumar and Saira Banu. It was one of the most well attended functions in the capital.

calcutta

Bibi's Boutique has always been a place where discerning buyers find exquisite printed silk and cotton sarees with matching bags and accessories.

Her exhibition at the Decor Service was opened by Mrs. Thrity Irani, who congratulated her on winning the award for the best dress-designer for films last year.

bangalore

"Gopika Ramana", a dance drama by Miss Padmini Rao and the students of Ponniah Natya Shala was presented in aid of the Bhagirathi Bai Manay College Charities, Bangalore. Mrs. Chitra Krishna was the chief guest of the evening.

ludhiana

The old but "young at heart" people of Punjab and especially of Ludhiana are eagerly looking forward to the opening of a home, hostel and club for senior citizens. It is in fact a home for the old, but unique in its name because it will cater to those retired citizens who still want to live a full life, but cannot get the needful attention at home. It will be subsidised by the Red Cross Society and has been set up by the efforts of Mr. P. S. Chhatwal, winner of the President's award for social work.

hyderabad

The Swapna Sundari Contest was held recently at the Ravindra Bharati and organised by the Doyens International in collaboration with APCO Fabrics, in aid of the Doyens Club Service activities. Miss Deenaz Parakh was declared winner, while Miss Kashmira Bathena and Miss Fiona Gomes were runners-up. Andhra Pradesh Health Minister Mr. Madan Mohan was the chief guest, while filmstar Deepa crowned the winner. A fashion show organised by Menaka Bontique preceded the contest.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST—8

1. **Simone de Beauvoir.**
2. **The Russian MIG fighter which they constructed.**
3. **Arabic.**
4. **Bikini Island.**
5. **5050.**
6. **James Van Allen.**
7. **Bering Straits.**
8. **Peahens lay eggs — peacocks don't!**
9. **Phoenix.**
10. **Sherlock Holmes.**
11. **Athens (1896 & 1906), Paris (1900 & 1924), London (1908 & 1948).**
12. **1961.**

Mr. Mohan Pisharoty (19) of New Delhi, who sent in the first all-correct solution, wins the first prize of Rs. 50.00.

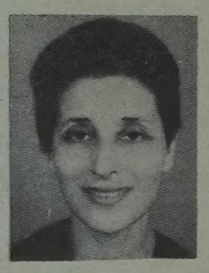
world of eve

DEVYANI KRISHNA

A ceramic potter and a pioneer in the field of cermic jewellery, Devyani Krishna has the sombre look of a religious devotee, Devyani has participated in several shows abroad and in India. Her work has a strange, mystic quality about it. She is also a graphic artist.

For a lay person it is difficult to comprehend the massive flow of strength, power and imagination from this rare artist. When the mood strikes her, after a build-up of several months perhaps, it almost floods her. Devyani then starts work on ten slabs. Each slab projects a different image, design, form and dimension. All ten are worked on simultaneously, like one pair of hands working on a full orchestra.

Devyani is very modest and reserved about her art: "My work talks for me," she says.



ALOO HEERJIBEHEDIN

A student of the London Academy of Dramatic Art, Aloo Heerjibehedin is a double gold medallist in speech and drama. She spent her early years in London, and came to Bombay in 1957. Since, then she has been teaching speech and drama in schools and privately.

Aloo tries to make people overcome their dislike of poetry by making it "come to life" through dramatisation.

"Though teaching is my basic profession," she says. I have always longed to come back to the theatre." Some of her students prevailed upon her to start the Drama Unit last year. So far the Unit has produced three one-act plays — of Bernard Shaw, Tom Stoppard, Lotte Ingrisch; a poetry recital at Pilloo Pochkhanawala's exhibition of sculptures; and a prepared reading of Arun Kolhatkar's **Jejuri**. Aloo stresses the need for plays based on an Indian environment.

Aloo is the wife of the editor and owner of "Kaiser-e-Hind", which will be shortly celebrating its centenary.

Aloo extends the same artistic outlook to her hobbies of music, reading and travelling.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A Full Moon indicates that it will be changes all round for you! You will no doubt be winding up some of your present activities and friendships, ambitions that have seemed important, and replacing with new attractions, interests and aims. There will be plenty of chances to carve out a new way of life before the end of 1979 — or to improve existing arrangements and conditions. Money prospects are super; don't be afraid to take a calculated risk between now and February — although this is not to say 'be reckless'. Be rather more cautious March to mid-May, 1979, when the advantage will be with others. If single it is while you are travelling or immersed in fresh and stimulating activities that interesting meetings will occur.

John Naylor

For the week Oct. 15th-21st, 1978

ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

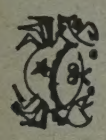
If you have been short of time recently and had to cut down on social activity, get interested again now. The accent is on fun and romance, with new chances if you were disappointed earlier in October. Little bits of money luck, unexpected gifts will boost your morale.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

You must expect life to be overbusy for a few weeks, for people to be changeable and rather perverse. It is a good idea to cut out the trivialities and to get organised on the essentials. Try to keep your love life on a happy basis and watch that you don't become involved in a turbulent, but unwise, affair.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

This week could bring a lucky meeting, probably at a party or some other group activity. Make the most of your personality, and of your chances. You may be considering a change of job but if this is not urgent, leave it over until early 1979 when something very good may drop into your lap.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Venus, that lucky and loving star, is affecting romance and fun, it will give a nice fillip to your affairs, generally. Your appeal is high, so set out to enjoy yourself. But don't neglect those little things you have to do on the practical side. Keep up to date on everything.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

You have a very fortunate period ahead, lively and romantic, lucky for money. Friendships will bring you luck this week; a busy social scene shows super meetings, unusual outings, exciting travel plans. Let relatives in on your ideas; they'll encourage and also help out, if needed.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

You have an agile mind and, this week, time spent chatting up folk, finding out things, won't be wasted. Generally, there is luck in communication, especially in the written and spoken word. Send off letters, applications and inquiries; get on the move if seeking romance.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

The past few weeks should have seen things going your way. If you made a change, took a decision, started something new, success lies ahead. The accent is on money this week, could be reward for recent efforts. It's a good time to spend on your appearance, buy a little luxury.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Mars, Venus and Mercury are all in your sign. Life should be dynamic, adventurous and lucky, this happy trend continuing until the new year. Have confidence, be bold, take the initiative wherever you think there should be more action. An exciting time for romance.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

You are now in an opportunity phase, but a good chance could be missed this week if you are caught daydreaming. Get into whatever is going on; anything new that happens will be good for you and lucky. Ahead is a period when new doors will open, revealing an exciting scene for you.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Recent disappointments were part of your starry pattern. This phase is over now and you have a chance to push ahead, build up your self-confidence and win. If you failed to achieve something dear to your heart earlier in the year, you can succeed at this in the near future. Much happier prospects for romance.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

If you haven't had them already, you will have some unexpected outgoings soon. Allow for these and keep a tight grip on spending. It is a good week for travel or for making fresh plans, jobwise. Also for looking up people you have been out of touch with. Soon a lively social scene will absorb you.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Fit in with the ideas of people close to you. This will make for harmony — and good luck — for their arrangements will be successful. The social scene has plenty to offer, including happy new meetings, if unattached. Make up your mind to respond warmly to overtures of friendship.

DON'T SNEEZE UNDER A MANGO TREE!

Superstitions, like sin, have always stood unrelentingly on my horizon. My grandmother spoke of superstition with awesome respect and counteracted the horrifying results of disbelief with black smudges in the most unlikely places or by spraying salt over her left shoulder.

Leaving home for work in the morning would seem a singularly everyday occurrence to the disbeliever, and needn't, he would suppose, bother Granny at all. But not so. She believed that anyone stepping over a ray of sunshine across the doorstep on the way out would come to grief. Hence, a very simple evil-eye elimination process — fool the Sun God. What one had to do was go out by the kitchen door, around the west wing of the house and cross the sunbeam 'into' the house, thereby neutralising any unhappy consequence of disbelief. And then leave for work by the back door.

If you tripped over the threshold, you could be in for a bad time. But never fear; Granny could save the day for you. All you have to do is step out again and yell (loud and clear so Evil Ears can hear you), "I'm going home again, Granny!" and then promptly step back in. Without tripping this time, for goodness' sake. According to this story, Evil Ears will look for you on the way home, and there you are — all safe and sound inside. See?

Sneeze in the morning, noon or night. Sneeze in any place you want to, but never, NEVER sneeze under a mango tree. Palm tree, neem tree, peach tree, oak tree? Yes. But a mango tree? Good heavens, no! For one thing, you could frighten the tree out of a year's growth and, for another (although this isn't in the original legend), if the wind happens to be against you, it could prove a very unhygienic experience.

Another unfortunate bit of reasoning that Granny indulges in is treating every compliment about anything as a potential threat. Her remedy — a black spot on the complimented object.

But Granny will not tolerate nonsense. Coming across her grandchildren one day, in the midst of a reverent elbow-kissing scene, she was informed that as Cuckoo had just tripped over a piece of rope she was kissing her left elbow so she wouldn't become cross-eyed. "Kissing elbows indeed!" Granny hissed with contempt, "Tommyrot!"

Nita Thomas

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